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THE most important tract, in this collection, is the Statute or rather Statutes of Kilkenny, edited by Mr. Hardiman, the historian of Galway, and editor of the Jacobite relics of Ireland. It is the most valuable record which the Irish Archaeological Society has yet issued; for it is, in fact, the foundation of the whole system of Anglo-Irish policy. A brief outline of the circumstances under which the parliament of Kilkenny was assembled, will be a proper introduction to an examination of some of the provisions of this celebrated statute, or rather Code.

The cruelty with which Edward I. treated the Scotch and the Welsh was extended to the native Irish; their chieftains took up arms, and harassed the English colonists by desultory wars, without having sufficient energy or wisdom to devise any plan of general revolt. The younger Bruce, soon after the establishment of his brother Robert on the throne of Scotland, came to Ireland, in the hope of gaining a kingdom for himself by the aid of the discontented chieftains; but he and his allies, by a series of political and military blunders, lost the fruits of their first successes, and Bruce's attempt was frustrated at the memorable battle of Dundalk. The Irish, though vanquished, were not intimidated; in fact, they had not before learned the secret of their strength; and the result of the discovery was several successful attacks on the English of the Pale,—that is, a district of about four counties round Dublin, which alone was governed by English law,—and on the colonists in the more distant parts of the kingdom.

The Anglo-Norman barons, or as they were subsequently called "The Lords of the Pale," whether their lands were within its limits or not, apprehensive of the eventual loss of their possessions, began to conciliate the Irish by intermarriages and other alliances, by the adoption of Irish usages and laws, and by exhibiting hostility to the local government in Dublin. About the middle of the fourteenth century, every rule of whatever race beyond the precincts of the Pale had virtually withdrawn his allegiance from the crown of England. At this crisis, the representative of the De Burgho family, one of the most potent of those descended from the original invaders, was William Burke, Earl of Ulster and Lord of Connaught. He was murdered by his English attendants in Ulster, leaving an only daughter to inherit his vast estates. This lady married Lionel, Duke of Clarence, second son of Edward III., but brought him no other dowry than her charms, for the next male heirs of the deceased Earl seized upon his extensive territories in Connaught, and divided or gavelled them amongst themselves, according to the principles of Irish law. They adopted the laws, language, and manners of the Irish, set the English government at defiance, and transmitted the estates to their posterity.

Lionel, Duke of Clarence, came twice to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, in the vain hope of recovering his lady's rich inheritance, but his efforts proving fruitless, he, in 1367, convened a parliament at Kilkenny, where several laws for restraining the degeneracy of the English settlers were passed, which, as they formed together a system of government, are commonly called the Statute of Kilkenny. We shall now proceed to examine some of the provisions of this celebrated Code, which has been not unjustly described as a declaration of perpetual war against the native Irish and all the English settlers who identified themselves with the Irish;

we shall also avail ourselves of Mr. Hardiman's notes, to show that the baneful results of this impolitic measure continued to be felt long after the statute itself had fallen into desuetude.

The preamble sets forth that the English settlers at the Conquest and for a long time after conformed to English laws and usages, "in which time, God and Holy Church, and their franchises according to their condition, were maintained," but that now many English of the said land, forsaking the English language, manners, mode of riding, laws and usages, live and govern themselves according to the manners, fashion, and language of the Irish enemies, and also have made divers marriages and alliances between themselves and the Irish enemies aforesaid, "whereby all due order and allegiance had been subverted.

In order to explain the introduction of "God and Holy Church" into this preamble, it is necessary to bear in mind, that the claim of the English monarchs to reign over Ireland rested on a grant made by Pope Adrian to Henry II., and we find this set forth as their only title in a statute of Edward IV., A.D. 1467, now first published, from the original roll, by Mr. Hardiman:

"As our holy Father Adrian, Pope of Rome, was possessed of all the seigniorship of Ireland in his demesne, as of fee, in right of his Church of Rome, and to the intent that vices should be subdued, and virtue encouraged, he aliened the same land to the king of England, for a certain rent to be received in England, to hold to the king of England and his heirs for ever: by which grant said subjects of Ireland owe their obedience to the king of England, as to their sovereign Lord, as by said bull appears. It is, therefore, ordained, that all archbishops and bishops of Ireland shall upon the monition of forty days, proceed to the excommunication of all disobedient subjects, and if such archbishop or bishop be negligent or remiss in doing their duties in the premises, they shall forfeit one hundred pounds."

The religious excuse for the ensuing enactments is again repeated in the preamble, it being declared that the statute was designed "to the honour of God and of His glorious Mother and of holy Church;" and the very first clause enjoins that the civil power shall give due effect to sentences of excommunication pronounced by the ecclesiastical authorities. Indeed, in all the statutes under the Plantagenets, we find provision made for the maintenance of the authority of the Romish Church in Ireland, because it was from the Church that the State derived its authority, and by the aid of its clergy alone could the government, as then constituted, hope to reconcile the Irish to English rule.

The second enactment is the most celebrated, but it has hitherto been very inaccurately quoted by historians:—

"Also, it is ordained and established, that no alliance by marriage, gossipred, fostering of children, concubinage or by amour, nor in any other manner, be henceforth made between the English and Irish of one part, or of the other part; and that no Englishman, nor other person, being at peace, do give or sell to any Irishman, in time of peace or war, horses or armour, nor any manner of victuals in time of war; and if any shall do to the contrary, and thereof be attainted, he shall have judgment of life and member, as a traitor to our lord the king."

Gossipred was one of the strongest ties of friendship between Irish families, and it continues to be influential at the present day. Instances are not rare of godfathers and godmothers receiving as much of affection and obedience as parents, and on the other hand sponsors rarely neglect their obligation of watching over the child for whom they have answered at baptism. Fostering was a still more sacred tie; instances have been known where the nurse and her husband preferred the interest of the foster-child to the lives of their own offspring, and still more

frequently have the children of the nurse devoted themselves to the service of their foster brother, not hesitating at the commission of crime for his interest or gratification. Those who are acquainted with the criminal records of Ireland, will remember that more than one lamentable instance of such devotedness has been exhibited in the present century; that the sons of nurses have not stopped short of savage murder, to fulfil what they deemed the sacred obligations of fosterage; hence it was that customs, so apparently innocent, were proscribed by the statute.

The prohibition to supply the Irish, whether in peace or war, with horses, armour or provisions, was frequently repeated. In fact, it was to the superiority of the Anglo-Norman battle array and iron armour that the defeats of the Irish in the field were ascribed by all parties. These precautions were effectual, for when The O'Neill visited Queen Elizabeth, his soldiers wore the saffron-coloured linen vests of their country, to the great surprise of the mail-clad warriors of England.

The third enactment of the Statute relates to the use of the English language, to which the Plantagenets and Tudors justly attributed great importance. Indeed, at the time of the Reformation, it was enacted, that every beneficed clergyman should keep, or cause to be kept, a school for teaching the English tongue. This enactment was evaded, and difference of language was unfortunately allowed to remain a permanent distinction of race.

English apparel was enjoined as well as English language, and so important did this enactment appear, that we find it repeated in 1447, under the Lord Lieutenancy of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

"As there is no diversity of habit between the English marchers and Irish enemies, by colour of which the Irish enemies come into the English counties as English marchers, and robb and pillage on the high way, and destroy the common people by lodging on them by nights, and slay the husbandmen, and take their goods to the Irish: it is enacted, that he that will be taken for an Englishman shall not use a beard upon his upper lip alone, and that the said lip shall be once shaved, at least in every two weeks, the offender to be treated as an Irish enemy.—Original Roll. This act was not repealed until A.D. 1635."

It is amusing to find the English of the Pale commanded to use saddles under pain of forfeiting their horses, and payment of a fine at the king's discretion. The Irish did not use saddles, and the English settlers seem to have taken a strange fancy to the fashion of riding bare-backed. So late as the reign of Henry VIII., A.D. 1534, it was enjoined "that every gentylman of the Inglysherie, which may dispend 20*l.* by the year, shall ryde in a saddell and weare Inglyshe apparell." This was deemed of more importance than English common law; for the abolition of the Brehon law is far less emphatically expressed than the injunction to use saddles.

Passing over enactments against the use of nicknames, against the sport of hurling, against conspiracy and perjury, with other crimes, which give a horrible picture of the state of society, we find a law against landholders defrauding the clergy of their tithes, and another against the protectors and abettors of excommunicated persons. These are so far remarkable, as they explain the fact that under the Plantagenets sentence of excommunication was nearly always pronounced on those who revolted against the government. Church and State were in close alliance, and their interests were deemed identical. In fact, the Church was rendered too strong by the Plantagenets to be easily overthrown by the Tudors.

The enactments against private wars with the

Irish would require volumes to illustrate them fully; we turn, therefore, to that which prohibits Englishmen from permitting the Irish to pasture cattle on their lands. This is, we believe, the first instance of English hostility to Irish bulls; but we find, from the 'Depositions of Protestants relating to the conduct of the rebels in 1641,' that the Irish retorted after their own fashion.

"Thomas Johnson, vicar of Turlough and Kellycomon, county Mayo, saith that the rebels in the baronies of Costelloe and Gallen, in mere hatred and derision of the English and their very cattle, and contempt and derision of the English lawes, did ordinarily and commonly prefer bills of indictment, and bring the English breed of cattle to be tried upon juries; and having, in their fashion, arraigned those cattle, then their scornful judge, then sitting amongst them, would say, 'they look as if they could speake English, give them the book and see if they can read,' pronouncing the words 'legit am non,' to the jury; and then, because they stood mute and could not read, he would and did pronounce judgment and sentence of death against them, and they were committed and put to slaughtering.—Jurat. 14th Jan. 1543.—Co. Mayo. Andrew Adaire, late of Moygownagh, county Mayo, Esq., saith, that the name of the English was so hateful to the Irish, that they would not only kill all they met with (if not strangely prevented), but would kill all the English breed of cattle, sometime jeeringly saying, they would speak English, and therefore they would kill them.—Jurat. 9th Jan. 1642."

Incidentally we may be permitted to join in Mr. Hardiman's wish that this very curious collection of Depositions should be published; we can testify that they contain matters fully as curious as the indictment of the cattle, and that the portions of them which have been already published, were unfairly selected and garbled to suit party purposes.

The thirteenth and fourteenth sections exclude the native Irish from all ecclesiastical benefices and from all religious houses within the Pale. This does not appear to have prevented some whimsical clauses finding their way into marriage contracts, of which the following may serve as a specimen worthy of a place in the next edition of Edgeworth's Irish Bulls.

"Know ye all that shall read or hear this writing, I Hu. Mac Melaghlin Modarra Mac Teige Hanile (Hanly), of Aghomannan, am taking Onora nyn* Connall of Moybannan as and in the sort of my married wife, by the will of the Church, upon special terms, viz.: the first condition and tenure of it is, to marry the woman presently; and this is the number and some of goods and cattels that the said Onora doth give to me the said Hugh, viz., six incalfes coves, and four coves that hath milke, and three bulling coves at the next sower, and one of them a bull, and five small coves, called *Biroghs*, at the next May, and one of them a bull, and the other a great bull, and this is in all twenty, lacking one."

In the fifteenth section we have a curious enumeration of the dangerous Irish characters who were to be strictly excluded from the Pale—viz. "pipers, story-tellers, rimers, mowers, and other Irish agents." The Irish bards, or rhymers, must have been very dangerous characters, for they are proscribed in several acts of parliament, which indeed is not wonderful, if, as Reginald Scott informs us, "Irishmen could rime either man or beast to death."

"On this subject there is extant a singular poem, addressed, in the sixteenth century, to the O'Briens of Thomond, by the Irish bard of that territory, Teige Mac Daire, in which he states that he has a deadly weapon—a poisonous satire—to cast, which would cause shortness of life, and against which neither the solitudes of valleys, the density of woods, nor the strength of castles, would protect his enemies. He then adduces examples from Irish history, of the destruction caused by the *satires* of ancient bards, among which he enumerates the satire composed by Crithmbeal the satirist, for Breas Mac Ealathan;

* Daughter.

the one composed by Neidhe for Caicher, king of Connaught, which at first, by supernatural means, disfigured his face, and finally caused his death; and the one composed by Dallan Forguill, which wounded and withered King Aodh Mac Ainnire. The bard then warns O'Brien not to force him to fling this ominous weapon at him—a weapon, which from its *miraculous* nature, would extinguish all his good deeds, raise a disgraceful blush in his cheek, check his prosperity, and shorten his life."

Passing on to the eighteenth section, we find an enactment for giving employment to the Idlemen of Ireland, a very numerous class in all ages of its history. Idlemen were the poorer branches of the ascendancy, who regarded all industrial pursuits as derogatory, and lived as "hangers on" or "dependants" with the head of their family. They were generally treated with lenity by the government; but in 1461 we find the Parliament of Edward IV. making them the subject of the following severe enactment:—

"That every lord and gentleman shall vouch and answer for such Idlemen as they take into their service, either within doors or without, and that every such lord or gentleman shall come to the guardian of the peace of every barony, or by their letter of seals shall certify an account of all their Idlemen, for whom they will vouch and answer; and if they or any of them shall not do so, then if any Idlemen, either on horse or foot, shall come into any barony, that it shall be lawful for any of the King's liege people to seize and apprehend them and their horses, to remain at the will of the King; and if any lord or gentleman shall maintain such man so taken and arrested, unless he be entered on record, with the guardians of the peace in every barony, that then said lord, or whoever he be who maintains and supports him, shall suffer the penalty of 10*l.*, one half to the king, and the other to him who will sue for the same.—Original Roll. Another unpublished Act of the same reign, A.D. 1472 (12 Edw. IV. c. 19), recites, that 'Laurence Taaf knight, John O'Mulmighell idlemen, servant to the said Laurence, and others came, with divers English rebels and Irish enemies, to Lowans-town and Kellystown, in the ninth year of the King, and robbed and spoiled the tenants of James Fleming, Esq., Baron of Slane, of 140 cows, value 4*s.* each; 11 bullocks, price 5*s.* each; 7 score sheep, price 10*d.* each; and 60 hogs, price 20*d.* each."

So perilous were these Idlemen, that in 1324 the king entered into a compact with his powerful nobles that "they would take and cause to be taken the felons, robbers, and thieves of their family and surname," and cause them to be brought to justice. They are treated leniently in the Statute of Kilkenny, probably because they were the most likely to supply recruits to the militia, which forms the subject of several succeeding enactments.

We have quoted sufficient of this famous statute to show that, as Plowden observes, there was scarcely "an extreme of antipathy and hatred and revenge to which this code of aggravation was not calculated to provoke both nations." Yet we find it made the theme of extravagant eulogy by Sir John Davies (Attorney General to King James I.), who attributes all the evils of Ireland to the neglect of enforcing its most penal provisions. He tells us that it was confirmed in every parliament held from the time of its enactment for the greater part of a century, and it was solemnly renewed in Sir Edward Poyning's celebrated parliament (10 Henry VII., 1494), except so far as related to speaking the Irish language and riding in saddles. To point out its impolicy would be an unnecessary task; even Dr. Leland expresses regret that such a course of policy was adopted at the crisis. He justly says, "The reign of a renowned monarch in England and the presence of his son in Ireland, the husband of a lady of Irish birth, and of an illustrious family, an heiress of vast possessions, were circumstances highly favourable to a generous conciliating scheme, whose appa-

rent equity might warrant the addition of military vigour against the most desperate and abandoned." Unfortunately, the Parliament of Kilkenny were exceedingly liberal of force, but utterly rejected conciliation, and an opportunity was lost which has never since been recovered. It deserves to be observed, that those Lords of the Pale who sacrificed the welfare and tranquillity of Ireland to the maintenance of the spirit of ascendancy and exclusiveness, were the ancestors of those Catholic lords and gentry who became, in a subsequent age, the victims of a similar spirit, slightly disguised by alteration of name. *Hac fonte derivata clades*: the example is not without its use, and its moral may be read without difficulty.

The Attaché; or Sam Slick in England. By the Author of 'The Clockmaker.' 2 vols. Bentley.

"WE stop the press," as the daily papers used to say, to announce the arrival of our old friend Sam Slick. Whether he came by Liner, or Steamer, or Ariel, he sayeth not—nor does it signify—come how he may or when he will, he is sure to be welcome. But as Mr. Slick has now an official character to uphold, and could not rush into St. James's or Downing Street as unceremoniously as he was accustomed to walk into our office, he thought it best, after addressing a formal letter to her Majesty, or Sir Robert, or Mr. Bentley, we know not which, to spend a few days with a friend's friend in Gloucestershire, to allow time for courtly ceremonials. The public, therefore, must wait another week before they can be formally introduced to him; but to gratify his many friends, we shall take leave to publish some extracts from his "pencil-ling" on what he calls

A Juicy Day in the Country.

"A wet day is considerable tiresome, any where or any way you can fix it; but it's was at an English country house than any where else, cause you are among strangers, formal, cold, gallus polite, and as thick in the head-piece as a puncheon. You hante nothin' to do yourself and they never have nothin' to do; they don't know nothin' about America, and don't want to. Your talk don't interest them, and they can't talk to interest nobody but themselves; all you've got to do, is to pull your watch and see how time goes; how much of the day is left, and then go to the winder and see how the sky looks, and whether there is any chance of holdin' up or no. Well, that time I went to bed a little earlier than common, for I felt considerable sleepy, and considerable strange too; so as soon as I cleverly could, I off and turned in."

Sam is, at all times, an early riser, but he was awakened earlier than usual by "hundreds and hundreds of them nasty, dirty, filthy, ugly, black devils of rooks located in the trees at the back end of the house":—

"Well, when a man's in a feeze, there's no more sleep that hitch; so I dresses and sits up; but what was I to do? It was just half past four, and as it was a rainin' like every thing, I know'd breakfast wouldn't be ready till eleven o'clock, for nobody wouldn't get up if they could help it—they wouldn't be such fools; so there was jail for six hours and a half. Well, I walked up and down the room, as easy as I could, not to waken folks; but three steps and a round turn makes you kinder dizzy, so I sits down again to chaw the cud of vexation. 'Aint this a handsom' fix?' sais I, 'but it sarves you right, what business had you here at all? you always was a fool, and always will be to the end of the chapter.'—What in nature are you a scoldin' for?' sais I: 'that won't mend the matter; how's time? They must soon be a stirrin' now, I guess.' Well, as I am a livin' sinner, it was only five o'clock; 'oh dear,' sais I, 'time is like woman and pigs, the more you want it to go, the more it won't. What on airth shall I do?—guess I'll strap my razor.' Well, I strapped and strapped away, until it would cut a single hair pulled strap up on end out

o' your head, without bendin' it—take it off slick. 'Now,' said I, 'I'll mend my trowsers I tore, a goin' to see the ruin on the road yesterday; so I takes out Sister Sall's little needle-case, and sows away till I got them to look considerable jam again; 'and then,' said I, 'here's a gallus button off, I'll just fix that,' and when that was done, there was a hole to my yarn sock, so I turned too and darned that. 'Now,' said I, 'how goes it? I'm considerable sharp set. It must be gettin' tolerable late now.' It wanted a quarter yet afore feedin' time; well if that don't pass. What shall I do next?' 'I'll tell you what to do,' said I, 'smoke, that will take the edge of your appetite off, and if they don't like it they may lump it; what business have they to keep them horrid screechin' infarnal, sleepless rooks to disturb people that way?' Well, I takes a lucifer, and lights a cigar, and I puts my head up the chimney to let the smoke off, and it felt good, I promise you. I don't know as I ever enjoyed one half so much afore. It had a rael first chop flavour had that cignor. 'When that was done,' said I, 'What do you say to another?' 'Well, I don't know,' said I, 'I should like it, that's a fact; but holdin' of my head crooked up the chimney that way, has a most broke my neck; I've got the cramp in it like.' So I sat, and shook my head first one side and then the other, and then turned it on its hinges as far as it would go, till it felt about right, and then I lights another, and puts my head in the fue again. Well, smokin' makes a feller feel kinder good-natured, and I began to think it warn't quite so bad arter all, when who went my cigar right out of my mouth into my bosom, atween the shirt and the skin, and burnt me like a gally nipper. Both my eyes was fill'd at the same time, and I got a crack on the pate from some critter or another that clawed and scratched my head like any thing, and then seemed to empty a bushel of sut on me, and I looked like a chimbley sweep, and felt like old Scratch himself. My smoke had brought down a chimbley swaller, or a martin, or some such varmint, for it up and off agin' afore I could catch it to wring its infarnal neck off, that's a fact."

"Well, here was somethin' to do, and no mistake: here was to clean and groom up agin' till all was in its right shape; and a pretty job it was, I tell you. I thought I should never get the sut out of my hair, and then never get it out of my brush again, and my eyes smarted so, they did nothing but water, and wink, and make faces. But I did; I worked on and worked on, till all was sot right once more. 'Now,' said I, 'how's time?' 'Half-past seven,' said I, 'and three hours and a half more yet to breakfast. Well,' said I, 'I can't stand this—and what's more I won't: I begin to get my Ebenezer up, and feel wolfish. I'll ring up the handsum chamber-maid, and just fall to, and chaw her right up—I'm savaferous.' 'That's cowardly,' said I, 'call the footman, pick a quarrel with him and kick him down stairs, speak but one word to him, and let that be strong enough to skin the coon arter it has killed him, the noise will wake up folks I know, and then we shall have sumthin' to eat.' I was ready to bile right over, when as luck would have it, the rain stopt all of a sudden, the sun broke out o' prison, and I thought I never seed anything look so green and so beautiful as the country did. 'Come,' said I, 'now for a walk down the avenue, and a comfortable smoke, and if the man at the gate is up and stirrin', I will just pop in and breakfast with him and his wife. There is some natur there, but here it's all cussed rooks and chimbley swallers, and heavy men and fat women, and lazy helps, and Sunday every day in the week.' So I fills my cigar-case and outs into the passage. But here was a fix! One of the doors opened into the great staircase, and which was it? 'Ay,' said I, 'which is it, do you know?' 'Upon my soul, I don't know,' said I; 'but try, it's no use to be caged up here like a painter, and out I will, that's a fact.' So I stops and studies, 'that's it,' said I, and I opens a door: it was a bedroom—it was the likely chamber-maid's. 'Softly, Sir,' said she, a puttin' of her finger on her lip, 'don't make no noise: Missus will hear you.' 'Yes, Sir, I won't make no noise; and I outs and shuts the door too arter me gently. 'What next?' said I; 'why you fool, you,' said I, 'why didn't you ax the servant maid, which door it was?' 'Why I was so confastigated,' said I, 'I didn't think of it. Try that door, well I opened another, it belonged to

one o' the horrid handsum stranger galls that dined at table yesterday. When she seed me, she gave a scream, popt her head under the clothes, like a terrapin, and vanished—well I vanished too. 'Ain't this too bad?' said I; 'I wish I could open a man's door, I'd lick him out of spite; I hope I may be shot if I don't, and I doubled up my fist, for I didn't like it a spec, and opened another door—it was the house-keeper's. 'Come,' said I, 'I won't be balked no more.' She sot up and fixed her cap. A woman never forgets the becomins. 'Anything I can do for you, Sir?' said she, and she raelly did look pretty; all good natur'd people, it appears to me, do look so. 'Will you be so good as to tell me, which door leads to the staircase, Marm?' said I. 'Oh, is that all?' said she, (I suppose she thort I wanted her to get up and get breakfast for me,) 'it's the first on the right, and she fixed her cap agin' and laid down, and I took the first on the right and off like a blowed out candle. There was the staircase. I walked down, took my hat, unbolted the outer door, and what a beautiful day was there."

At length breakfast was ready:—

"But the English don't do nothin' like other folks; I don't know whether it's affectation, or bein' wrong in the head—a little of both I guess. Now where do you suppose the solid part of breakfast is, Squire? Why, it's on the side-board—I hope I may be shot if it ain't—well, the tea and coffee are on the table, to make it as unconvenient as possible. Says I, to the lady of the house, as I got up to help myself, for I was hungry enough to make beef ache I know. 'Auntie,' said I, 'you'll excuse me, but why don't you put the eatables on the table, or else put the tea on the sideboard? They're like man and wife, they don't ought to be separated, them two.' She looked at me, oh what a look of pity it was, as much as to say, 'Where have you been all your born days, not to know better nor that?' * * So I tried the old man; said I, 'Uncle,' said I, 'if you will divorce the eatables from the drinkables that way, why not let the servants come and tend? It's monstrous unconvenient and ridiculous to be a jumpin' up for everlastingly that way; you can't sit still one blessed minit.' 'We think it pleasant,' said he, 'sometimes to dispense with their attendance.' 'Exactly,' said I, 'then dispense with servants at dinner, for when the wine in, the wit is out,' (I said that to compliment him, for the critter had no wit in at no time,) 'and they hear all the talk. But at breakfast every one is only half awake, especially when you rise so airy as you do in this country,' said I, (but the old critter couldn't see a joke, even if he felt it, and he didn't know I was a funnin'). 'Folks are considerably sharp set at breakfast,' said I, 'and not very talkative. That's the right time to have servants to tend on you.' 'What an idea!' said he, and he puckered up his pictur, and the way he stared was a caution to an owl. Well, we sot and sot till I was tired, so thinks I, 'what's next?' for it's rainin' agin as hard as ever.' So I took a turn in the study to sarch for a book, but there was nothin' there, but a Guide to the Sessions, Burn's Justice, and a book of London club rules, and two or three novels. He said he got books from the sarkilatin' library. 'Lunch is ready.' 'What, eatin' agin?' My guddy!' thinks I, 'if you are so fond of it, why the plague don't you begin airy? If you'd a had it at five o'clock this morning, I'd a done justice to it; now I couldn't touch it if I was to die.' There it was, though. Help yourself, and no thanks, for there is no servants agin. The rule here is, no talk no servants—and when it's all talk, it's all servants."

Sam now resolved 'to look arter the two pretty gals in the drawing-room,' but found that "he warn't wanted there":—

"The moment I came in it was as dumb as a quaker's meetin'. They all hauled up at once, like a stagecoach to an inn-door, from a hand-gallop to a stock still stand. I seed men warn't wanted there, it warn't the custom so airy, so I polled out o' that creek, starn first. They don't like men in the mornin', in England, do the ladies; they think 'em in the way. 'What on airth, shall I do?' says I, 'it's nothin' but rain, rain, rain—here in this awful dismal country. Nobody smokes, nobody talks, nobody plays cards, nobody fires at a mark, and nobody trades; only let me get thro' this juicy day, and I am done: let me get out of this scrape, and if I am caught agin, I'll

give you leave to tell me of it, in meetin'. It tante pretty, I do suppose to be a jawin' with the butler, but I'll make an excuse for a talk, for talk comes kinder natural to me, like suction to a snipe."

The butler would not do, so he tried the stable helps:—

"A smart little hoss that," said I, 'you are cleanin' off: he looks like a first chop article that.' 'Y mae,' said he. 'Hullo,' said I, 'what in natur' is this? Is it him that can't speak English, or me that can't understand; for one on us is a fool, that's sartain. I'll try him agin.' So I says to him, 'He looks,' said I, 'as if he'd trot a considerable good stick, that horse,' said I, 'I guess he is a goer.' 'Y' mae, ye un trotter da,' said he. 'Creation!' said I, if this don't beat general trainin'. * * 'It's no use to stand talkin' to this critter. Good-bye,' said I. Now what do you think he said? Why, you would suppose he'd say good-bye, too, wouldn't you? Well, he didn't, nor nothin' like it, but he just ups, and says, 'Forwelloough,' he did, upon my soul. I never felt so stumped afore in all my life. Says I, 'Friend, here is half a dollar for you; it arn't often I'm brought to a dead stare, and when I am, I am willin' to pay for it.'"

Dinner was now announced—but as Sam writes—

"The rain has damped every body's spirits, and quenched 'em out; even champaign won't raise 'em again; feedin' is heavy, talk is heavy, time is heavy, tea is heavy, and there ain't no musick; the only thing that's light is a bed room candle—heavens and airth how glad I am this 'juicy day' is over!"

The History of Etruria. Part I. By Mrs. H. Gray. Hatchard & Son.

"No one has ever lifted my veil," was the inscription on the statue of the Egyptian Neith; a similar covering seems to hide from us the cradle of Egyptian, Etruscan, and indeed almost all civilized antiquity, and the few glimmerings of distant objects discovered through the obscurity are so vague and uncertain that they seem as likely to mislead as to inform. Through this darkness etymology is at once the most commonly chosen, and the most uncertain of guides. A science in which proverbially "vowels count for nothing, and consonants for very little," may be accommodated to any theory devised by those who fancy that they have made a discovery when they have only hazarded a guess. It was not therefore without some misgiving that we encountered Mrs. Hamilton Gray in the field of conjectural history, but we rejoice to say that our fears have proved groundless; her theory is certainly the most plausible that has yet been propounded, on the subject of her researches; it is supported by analogies, few of which are forced; no part of her learning bears the mark of having been taken at second-hand; and the ingenuity of her deductions is equalled by the modesty with which they are propounded.

We do not agree to all Mrs. Gray's conclusions, but to enter into an examination of the points which we deem doubtful or unproved would lead to long discussions, of little general interest. We think it therefore better to give such an outline of Mrs. Gray's theory of ancient Etrurian history as may excite those who delight in such researches to examine her work for themselves, and we can assure them that whether the perusal terminates in belief or scepticism, it is certain to afford pleasure.

Mrs. Gray believes that a number of different nations in Western Asia, included by the Egyptians under the general name of Hyksos, or Shepherd kings, acquired a portion of the civilization to which the people of the Pharaohs had attained before the age of certain history. Amongst these were the Rasena, or inhabitants of Resen, described by Moses as "a great city," though he does not bestow such a name on Nineveh or Babylon. The disappearance of Resen from history, and the appearance sub-

sequently of a powerful people calling themselves Rasena, which was the name the Tuscans gave themselves, is certainly a remarkable coincidence; but the two are separated from each other by the distance between Assyria and Italy; it is therefore necessary to seek out links of connexion.

The type of the most ancient specimens of Etrurian art is obviously similar to the Egyptian, and many of their objects of religious veneration were the same as those worshipped in the valley of the Nile. We have abundant proof that the Egyptians were more than once invaded by the Assyrians and their allies, and there is a strong probability that the Hyksos and the Assyrians were cognate races, if not identical. When the native Pharaohs expelled the invaders and recovered their hereditary empire, it is probable that some portion of the intrusive race may have escaped by sea from the vengeance of the Egyptians, and established a colony in South-western Europe, where they would naturally carry out those principles of civilization which they had learned during their sojourn in the valley of the Nile. We may add a confirmation of this theory which has escaped the notice of Mrs. Gray; the prophet Isaiah speaks of "The Chaldeans whose cry (boast or exultation) is in their ships." We have no evidence that the Chaldeans of Babylon or Nineveh ever acquired maritime celebrity, and even if they had navies, their ships must have been chiefly in the sea of Oman, too remote from Judea to attract the notice of the prophet; he may therefore have referred to a different branch of the Chaldean nation possessing naval establishments either on the Red Sea or the Mediterranean, or perhaps on both, for with no other seas were the Jews acquainted.

Herodotus, who has been followed by most Greek and Roman writers, asserts that the Etrurians were a colony from Lydia: this is in the highest degree improbable, if the Lydia in Asia Minor be intended; but we learn from the prophet Jeremiah that a people named Luddim dwelt somewhere in the vicinity of Egypt, for they are enumerated among the auxiliary forces which Pharaoh Necho led to the battle of Carchemish. There is nothing improbable in the supposition that Herodotus confounded the southern Luddim with the northern Lydians, for our translators of the Bible have fallen precisely into the same error; and the tradition which at first sight seems inconsistent with Mrs. Gray's theory may thus be regarded as one of its strongest confirmations.

The arguments from etymology and analogy, by which this theory is supported, are numerous and varied, but for reasons already stated we shall not enter on their examination, contenting ourselves with bearing testimony to the clearness with which they are stated, and the ability with which they are arranged.

Letters of Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann. Concluding Series. 2 vols. Bentley.

IF from the daintily decorated arbour, "hard by a fountain" in the Elysian Fields, where siteth Horace Walpole, side by side with Madame de Sevigné, exchanging his gossip about the Guelphs and the Stuarts for hers of *Le grand Monarque*, the defunct master of Strawberry Hill be still cognizant of mundane affairs, his desire for fame must by this time be amply gratified; for that he *did* covet reputation, he must now be assured, though while living he "disdained the impeachment." The sting, too, of seeing all his treasures and toys scattered to the winds, by the tap of that modern Harlequin, the auctioneer, must be soothed by the admiration and sympathy for the collector which the

dispersion of his fancies awakened. Horace is better appreciated now than in his own days. Then, indeed, Conway, and Chute, and Montagu, and Mann, and (for all his flouting) the "dear blind old woman" Du Defland, might be aware of his warmth as well as his wit; might know that generosity to those he loved could at any time overcome his other passion—a love of gimecrackery; they might trust in the prophetic foresight of some of his conclusions, and appreciate the sterling worth of opinions filliped off his pen's point as carelessly as if they had been counsels about masquerade habits to the Cokes and Graftons. But the world at large did not know him. He passed with the many for a heartless man of pleasure—a superficial trifler in letters—a finical curiosity-monger. Time, who sets other fallacies right, has already amended this judgment. Sound heart, clear head, brilliant fancy, and substantial knowledge are awarded to him, without much dispute: and the volumes before us are sure of being greeted with respect by thinkers and social philosophers, where their predecessors were at first but welcomed as contributions to the idle man's unprofitable stores of amusement.

From our sympathy, it may be gathered that we are in a humour for gossip, rather than for philosophy or politics. Alas! the latter presents at this moment so many menacing features, that we are glad to escape from it, consoling ourselves with the fact, that nothing could be more sombre than the forebodings of our Nostradamus eighty years ago. As for the analysts of opinion, as developed in social peculiarities, they would rather that we merely gathered *data* than interfered with their deduction of results. Hence we shall begin, continue, and complete our notices of these volumes by drawing thence anecdotes, traits, and characters minute and clear as the Petittots their writer so doted upon: some new—some acceptable as completing former revelations. Our first, for instance, winds up Walpole's familiar chronicle of the beauty and folly of the most famous of the Gunnings:—

"Poor Lady Coventry concluded her short race with the same attention to her looks. She lay constantly on a couch, with a pocket-glass in her hand; and when that told her how great the change was, she took to her bed the last fortnight, had no light in her room but the lamp of a tea-kettle, and at last took things in through the curtains of her bed, without suffering them to be undrawn. The mob, who never quitted curiosity about her, went, to the number of ten thousand, only to see her coffin. * * Poor thing! how far from ninety! she was not eight and twenty! Adieu."

Old operas and singers—Elisi and Paganina—have their records here, as in former letters; and here, too, of course, we assist in building and decking out Strawberry—now, like the Gunning, a neglected skeleton—taking a lively interest in certain *brocadella* hangings, to be bespoken by Sir Horace Mann; in the Eagle and the Vespasian, and other curiosities, of which more they turn up. In the meantime, an ever-young antique presents herself, more noticeable than gem or model, and whom Horace loved to placard by sarcastic anecdotes:—

"Admiral Forbes told me yesterday, that in one of Lady Mary's jaunts to or from Genoa, she begged a passage of Commodore Barnard. A storm threatening, he prepared her for it, but assured her there was no danger. She said she was not afraid, and going into a part of the gallery not much adapted to heroism, she wrote these lines on the side:—

Mistaken seaman, mark my dauntless mind,
Who, wreck'd on shore, am fearless of the wind.

On landing, this magnanimous dame desired the commander to accept a ring; he wore it as a fine emerald, but being over-persuaded to have it unset before his face, it proved a bit of glass."

Need we add the Montagu to "Lady Mary"?

There is no risk of this courageous, witty, and parsimonious epigrammatist being mistaken for our author's divinity—Lady Mary Coke, whose passion for royalty seems to have worn out her best friends, as we find in the volumes before us. It was well our letter-writer was not a Frenchman; otherwise, a *lettre de cachet* might have delivered the Montagu, or the Pomfret, or the Chudleigh, from the assaults of his wit. How he revels in his free pen, when jotting down such an anecdote from Paris as the following!—

"Monsieur de Souvré, a man of wit, was at Madame Pompadour's, who is learning German. He said, 'Il me semble que depuis que Madame la Marquise apprenne l'Allemande, elle écorche la Française.' As the company laughed violently at this, the King came in, and would know what diverted them so much. They were forced to tell him. He was very angry, and said, 'Monsieur de Souvré, est-il longtems que vous n'avez pas été à vos terres?' 'Oui, Sire,' replied he; 'mais je compte d'y partir ce soir.' The frank *hardiesse* of the answer saved him."

We are now at the wedding of George the Third; but though equally minute, Horace tells nothing here which he did not also write in some phrases word for word to George Montagu. The same remark applies to his description of the Coronation; except, perhaps the following note on the rise in the costliness of such pageants:—

"On this occasion one saw to how high-water-mark extravagance is risen in England. At the coronation of George II. my mother gave forty guineas for a dining-room, scaffold, and bed-chamber. An exactly parallel apartment, only with rather a worse view, was this time set at three hundred and fifty guineas—a tolerable rise in thirty-three years! The platform from St. Margaret's roundhouse to the church-door, which formerly let for forty pounds, went this time for two thousand and four hundred pounds. Still more was given for the inside of the Abbey. The prebends would like a coronation every year. The King paid nine thousand pounds for the hire of jewels; indeed, last time it cost my father fourteen hundred to bejewel my Lady Orford. A single shop now sold six hundred pounds' sterling worth of nails; but nails are risen; so is everything, and everything adulterated. If we conquer Spain, as we have done France, I expect to be poisoned."

A scrap from a subsequent letter may be tacked on here:—

"You would be frightened at the dearth of everything; I build out of economy, for unless I do now, in two years I shall not be able to afford it. I expect that a pint of milk will not be sold under a diamond, and then nobody can keep a cow but my Lord Clive."

The account of Lady Mary, neat as imported, in her horseman's riding coat of dark green brocade, and her sprigged dimity petticoat, has also been given *verbatim* elsewhere. We do not remember having before met her at Bedford House, or when the fit of prudence was upon her:—

"Lady Mary Wortley, too, was there, dressed in yellow velvet and sables, with a decent-laced head and a black hood, almost like a veil, over her face. She is much more discreet than I expected, and meddles with nothing—but she is wofully tedious in her narrations."

The following are nothings, but sparkle so in the telling as not to be passed over. (*Quære*, did not George Selwyn supply the melted butter to the illustration of Anglomania?)—

"There is come forth a new state coach, which has cost 8,000*l*. It is a beautiful object, though crowded with improprieties. Its support are Tritons, not very well adapted to land-carriage; and formed of palm-trees, which are as little aquatic as Tritons are terrestrial. The crowd to see it, on the opening of the parliament, was greater than at the coronation, and much more mischief done. * * George Selwyn, of whom you have heard so much, but don't know, is returned from Paris, whither he went with the Duchess of Bedford. He says our passion for everything French

is nothing to theirs for everything English. There is a book published called the Anglomanie. How much worse they understand us even than we do them, you will see by this story. The old Marechale de Villars gave a vast dinner to the Duchess of Bedford. In the middle of the dessert, Madame de Villars called out, 'Oh, Lord! they have forgot! yet I bespoke them, and I am sure they are ready; you English love hot rolls—bring the rolls.' There arrived a huge dish of hot rolls, and a sauce-boat of melted butter! Adieu."

We need not point to the letters describing the death of Lord Waldegrave, and the terrible catastrophe which happened to Lady Molesworth, by way of vindicating our author's heart; what follows will as well serve to do it, and is never:—

"I have told you of our French: we have got another curious one, La Condamine, *qui se donne pour philosophe*. He walks about the streets, with his trumpet and a map, his spectacles on, and hat under his arm. But to give you some idea of his philosophy, he was on the scaffold to see Damien executed. His deafness was very inconvenient to his curiosity; he pestered the confessor with questions to know what Damien said: 'Monsieur, il jure horriblement.' La Condamine replied, 'Ma foi, il n'a pas tort; not approving it, but as sensible of what he suffered. Can one bear such want of feeling? Oh! but as a philosopher he studied the nature of man in torments—pray, for what? One who can so far divest himself of humanity as to be, uncalled, a spectator of agony, is not likely to employ much of his time in alleviating it. We have lately had an instance that would set his philosophy to work. A young highwayman was offered his life, after condemnation, if he would consent to have his leg cut off, that a new styptic might be tried. 'What!' replied he, 'and go limping to the devil at last? no, I'll be d—d first—and was hanged!'"

While in "the French and English" vein, we will give another example of civility and comprehension:—

"Other comical passages have happened to us at Paris. Their King, you know, is wondrous shy to strangers, awkward at a question, or too familiar. For instance, when the Duke of Richmond was presented to him, he said, 'Monsieur le Duc de Cumberland boude le Roi, n'est-ce pas?' The duke was confounded. The King persisted, 'Il le fait, n'est-il pas vrai?' The duke answered very properly, 'Ses ministres quelquefois, Sire, jamais sa Majesté.' This did not stop him: 'Et vous, milord, quand aurez-vous le cordon bleu?' George Selwyn, who stood behind the duke, said softly, 'Answer that if you can, my lord.' To Lord Holland, the King said, 'Vous avez fait bien du bruit dans votre pays, n'est-ce pas?' His answer was pretty too: 'Sire, je fais tout mon possible pour le faire cesser.' Lord Holland was better diverted with the Duchesse d'Aiguillon; she got him and Lady Holland tickets for one of the best boxes to see the fireworks on the peace, and carried them in her coach. When they arrived he had forgot the tickets; she flew into a rage, and, *sans marchander*, abused him so grossly that Lady Holland coloured, and would not speak to her. Not content with this, when her footman opened the door of the coach, the duchess, before all the mob, said aloud, 'C'est une des meilleures têtes de l'Angleterre, et voici la bêtise qu'il a fait!' and repeated it. He laughed, and the next day she recollected herself, and made an excuse."

We add a paragraph on the taste of *la grande nation*:—

"By all I see and hear, they seem to be sunk in every light; even in the trifles of which they boast themselves, they are gone back towards a century. They are as formal as we were in Queen Anne's days, and believe they make discoveries when they adopt what we have had these twenty years. For instance, they begin to see beauties in the antique—everything must be à la Grecque—accordingly, the lace on their waistcoats is copied from a frieze. Monsieur de Guercy seeing a Doric fret on a fender at Woburn, which was common before I went abroad, said to the Duchess of Bedford, 'Comment! Madame, vous avez là du Grec, sans le savoir!'"

Our gallery would be incomplete without a sketch of "Wilkes and liberty":—

"Arlington Street, Nov. 17th, 1763.

"The campaign is opened, hostilities begun, and blood shed. Now you think, my dear sir, that all this is metaphor, and mere eloquence. You are mistaken: our diets, like that approaching in Poland, use other weapons than the tongue; ay, in good truth, and they who use the tongue too, and who perhaps you are under the common error of thinking would not fight, have signaled their prowess. But stay, I will tell you my story more methodically; perhaps you shall not know for these two pages what member of the British Senate, of that august divan whose wisdom influences the councils of all Europe, as its incorrupt virtue recalls to mind the purest ages of Rome, was shot in a duel yesterday in Hyde-park. The parliament met on Tuesday. We—for you know I have the honour of being a senator, sat till two in the morning; and had it not been that there is always more oratory, more good sense, more knowledge, and more sound reasoning in the House of Commons than in the rest of the universe put together, the House of Lords only excepted, I should have thought it as tedious, dull, and unenterprising a debate as ever I heard in my days. The business was a complaint made by one King George of a certain paper called the North Briton, No. 45, which the said King asserted was written by a much more famous man called Mr. Wilkes.—Well! and so you imagine that Mr. Wilkes and King George went from the House of Commons and fought out their quarrel in Hyde-park? and which do you guess was killed? Again you are mistaken. Mr. Wilkes, with all the impartiality in the world, and with the phlegm of an Areopagite, sat and heard the whole matter discussed, and now and then put in a word, as if the affair did not concern him. The House of Commons, who would be wisdom itself, if they could but all agree on which side of a question wisdom lies, and who are sometimes forced to divide in order to find this out, did divide twice on this affair. The first time, one hundred and eleven, of which I had the misfortune to be one, had more curiosity to hear Mr. Wilkes's story than King George's; but three hundred being of the contrary opinion, it was plain they were in the right, especially as they had no *private* motives to guide them. Again, the individual one hundred and eleven could not see that the North Briton tended to foment treasonable insurrections, though we had it argumentatively demonstrated to us for seven hours together: but the moment we heard two hundred and seventy-five gentlemen counted, it grew as plain to us as a pike-staff, for a syllogism carries less conviction than a superior number, though that number does not use the least force upon earth, but only walk peaceably out of the house and into it again. The next day we were to be in the same numerical way convinced that we ought to be but one hundred and ten, for that we ought to expel Mr. Wilkes out of the house; and the majority were to prove to us (for we are slow of comprehension, and imbibe instruction very deliberately) that in order to have all London acquainted with the person and features of Mr. Wilkes, it would be necessary to set him on a high place called the pillory, where everybody might see him at leisure. Some were even almost ready to think that, being a very ugly man, he would look better without his ears; and poor Sir William Stanhope, who endeavoured all day by the help of a trumpet to listen to these wise debates and found it to no purpose, said, 'if they want a pair of ears they may take mine, for I am sure they are of no use to me.' The regularity, however, of these systematic proceedings has been a little interrupted. One Mr. Martin, who has much the same quarrel with Mr. Wilkes as King George, and who chose to suspend his resentment like his Majesty till with proper dignity he could notify his wrath to Parliament, did express his indignation with rather less temper than the King had done, calling Mr. Wilkes to his face *cowardly scoundrel*, which you who represent monarchs, know, is not royal language. Mr. Wilkes, who, it seems, whatever may have been thought, had rather die compeudiously than piece-meal, inquired of Mr. Martin by letter next morning, if he, Mr. Wilkes, was meant by him, Mr. Martin, under the periphrasis *cowardly scoundrel*. Mr. Martin replied in the affirmative, and accompanied his an-

swer with a challenge. They immediately went into Hyde-park; and, at the second fire, Mr. Wilkes received a bullet in his body. Don't be frightened, the wound was not mortal—at least it was not yesterday. Being corporally delirious to-day, as he has been mentally some time, I cannot tell what to say to it. However, the breed will not be lost, if he should die. You have still countrymen enough left: we need not despair of amusement."

We must refer the curious to the animated comments on the Russian Revolution, and on the strange affairs of the Chevalier d'Eon, which these letters contain. A peep at "Prussia" is not to be resisted:—

"Shall I send you an Italian story? Why, yes; one don't always know what is doing at next door. The Abbe Giustiniani, a noble Genoese, wrote last year a panegyric in verse on the Empress Queen. She paid him with a gold snuff-box set with diamonds, and a patent of Theologian. Finding the trade so lucrative, he wrote another on the King of Prussia, who sent him a horn box, telling him that he knew his vow of poverty would not let him touch gold; and that, having no theologians, he had sent him a patent to be captain of horse in those very troops that he had commended so much in his verses! I am persuaded that the saving the gold and brilliants was not the part which pleased his Majesty the least."

Nor can we but pause at some more personal recollections; though it seems to us that, like Lady Mary Wortley's unwashed hands, and Lord Effingham's coronation blunder, they have figured, in almost the same language, in former letters:—

"I have seen and remember so much, that my life already appears very long; nay, the first part seems to have been a former life, so entirely are the persons worn out who were on the stage when I came into the world. You must consider, as my father was minister then, that I almost came into the world at three years old. I was ten when I was presented to George I., two nights before he left England for the last time. This makes me appear very old to myself, and Methuselah to young persons, if I happen to mention it before them. If I see another reign, which is but too probable, what shall I seem then? I will tell you an odd circumstance. Nearly ten years ago I had already seen six generations in one family, that of Waldegrave. I have often seen, and once been in a room with, Mrs. Godfrey, mistress of James II. It is true she doted; then came her daughter, the old Lady Waldegrave; her son, the ambassador; his daughter, Lady Harriot; her daughter, the present Lady Powis; and she has children who may be married in five or six years; and yet I shall not be very old if I see two generations more! but if I do, I shall be superannuated, for I think I talk already like an old nurse. Adieu."

How much is conveyed in the following character! In such portraiture Horace Walpole's lively colours come out with a force which is almost startling:—

"Our comet is set, too! Charles Townshend is dead. All those parts and fire are extinguished; those volatile salts are evaporated; that first eloquence of the world is dumb; that duplicity is fixed; that cowardice terminated heroically. He joked on death as naturally as he used to do on the living, and not with the affectation of philosophers, who wind up their works with sayings which they hope to have remembered. With a robust person, he had always a menacing constitution. He had had a fever the whole summer, recovered, as it was thought, relapsed, was neglected, and it turned to an incurable putrid fever."

Other miniatures—some brilliant, others irreverently humorous:—

"Am not I an old fool? at my years to be a dupe to virtue and patriotism! I, who have seen all the virtue of England sold six times over! Here have I fallen in love with my father's enemies, and because they served my country, believed they were the most virtuous men upon earth. I adored Mr. Pitt, as if I was just come from school and reading Livy's lives of Brutus, and Camillus, and Fabius; and romance knows whom. Alack! alack! Mr. Pitt loves an estate as well as my Lord Bath! The Conqueror of

Canada, of Afric, of India, would, if he had been in the latter, have brought my Lady Esther as many diamonds as General Clive took."

"The puppet of the day is the King of Denmark; in truth, puppet enough; a very miniature of our late King, his grandfather. White, strutting, dignified, prominent eyes, gallant, and condescending enough to mark that it is condescension. He arrived the night before last, is lodged at St. James's, where he has levées, but goes and is to go everywhere, to Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Bath, the Lord knows whither, to France, to Italy; in short, is to live in a crowd for these two or three years, that he may learn mankind, by giving all mankind an opportunity of staring at him. Well! but he is not twenty, and is an absolute prince: sure subjects are happy when absolute twenty only runs away from them!"

"We sent you Sir William Stanhope, and my lady, a fond couple; you have returned them to us very different. When they came to Blackheath, he got out of the chaise to go to his brother Lord Chesterfield's, made her a low bow, and said, 'Madame, I hope I shall never see your face again.' She replied, 'Sir, I will take all the care I can that you never shall.' He lays no gallantry to her charge. We are sending you another couple, the famous Garrick, and his once famous wife. He will make you laugh as a mimic, and as he knows we are great friends, will affect great partiality to me; but be a little upon your guard, remember he is an actor. * * Have you got Mr. Garrick yet? If you have, you may keep him; there is come forth within these ten days a young actor, who has turned the heads of the whole town. The first night of his appearance the audience, not content with clapping, stood up and shouted. His name is Powell; he was clerk to Sir Robert Ladbroke, and so clever in business that his master would have taken him in as a partner, but he had an impulse for the stage, was a *Heaven-born hero*, as Mr. Pitt called my Lord Clive. His figure is fine and voice most sonorous, as they say, for I wait for the rebound of his fame, and till I can get in, for at present all the boxes are taken for a month. As the reputation of this prodigy could not have reached France, they were content with showering honours on Mr. Garrick; appointed a box for him, revived their best plays, and recalled their veteran actors. Their Helvetius, whose book has drawn such persecution on him, and the persecution such fame, is coming to settle here, and brings two Miss Helvetiuses, with fifty thousand pounds a-piece, to bestow on two immaculate members of our most august and incorruptible senate, if he can find two in this virtuous age who will condescend to accept his money. Well, we may be dupes to French follies, but they are ten times greater fools to be the dupes of our virtue."

We must close our anecdote-picking from the first volume with a mere good story:—

"Last Monday there was at court a sea-captain who had been made prisoner at Algiers. He was complaining how cruelly he had been used. They asked how? 'Why,' said he, 'you see I am not strong, and could do no hard labour, and so they put me to hatch eggs; but his greatest grievance was, that when he had hatched a brood, they took away his chickens. Did you ever hear of a more tender-hearted old hen? I laughed till I cried. Adieu.'"

These *facetiæ* may, perhaps, be less sprightly than those already before the world; nevertheless, they are from the one true Mint; and the purity of their metal cannot be better tested than by comparing them with the like coin, handed about by the correspondents of George Selwyn, whom we so recently met.

The Letters and Journals of Robert Baillie, 1637-1662. Edited from the Author's Manuscripts, by David Laing, Esq. Vol. III. Edinburgh, Ogle.

In closing our review of the former volumes (*Athen.* No. 729), we expressed our hope that the third would supply important information relating to the King and the army. In this expectation we have been disappointed; for from the period of Baillie's return to his native land, his allusions to public events—except those con-

nected with the affairs of the Scottish Church—are slight, and of rare occurrence. These few notices, however, are valuable; and the incidental information which we obtain respecting many imperfectly known public characters, renders the volume, on the whole, equal in historical value to the preceding volumes.

The letters commence with one from Baillie to "his dear cousin, Mr. William Spang," on his return from London: but the gratification which he expresses at "our errand in England being brought to a happy end," is greatly allayed by fears of coming troubles, from the unwillingness of the King, now in the hands of the Scots, to take the Covenant:—

"We stayed eight or nine days at Newcastle. The King took very well with me. I might have had occasion to have said to him what I pleased; but knowing his fixed resolutions, I would not meddle at all neither to preach nor pray before him. His unhappie wilfulness does still continue; and to this day he gets some mischievous instruments to feed his madness. Sundrie made us believe the Queen was content he should do anything, finding her disappointment in France from all hands. There was some whispering of the sectaries plotting with him; but this I scarce believe, for each of them does really labour the others overthrow; the French Ambassador, for all his fair protestations, has been no good instrument. But that which has undone him, has been his hopes for Scotland, to get them, by one means or other, to espouse his quarrel: much dealings, some think, has been both with the Army and Parliament for that end. * * But remaining what he was in all his maxims, a full Canterburian, both in matters of religion and state, he still inclined to a new warre; and for that end resolved to go to Scotland. Some great men there pressed the equities of Scotland's protecting of him on any terms. This untymous excess of friendship has ruined that unhappie Prince; for the better partie, finding the conclusion of the King's coming to Scotland, and thereby their own present ruin, and ruin of the whole cause, the making the Malignants masters of Church and State, the drawing the whole force of England upon Scotland for their perjurious violation of their Covenant, they resolved by all means to crosse that designe."

This letter is dated January, 1647: unfortunately there is a break in the correspondence of nearly six months, and thus the delivering of the King to the English—a point on which we had hoped Baillie might have thrown additional light—is not noticed. The next letter, dated July, exhibits his fears, on the news arriving of the army having seized the King:—

"These matters of England are so extremely desperate, that now twyse they have made me sick: except God arise, all is gone there. The imprudence and cowardice of the better part of the City and Parliament, which was triple or sextuple the greater, has permitted a company of silly rascals, which calls themselves yet no more than fourteen thousand horse and foot, to make themselves masters of the King, and Parliament, and City, and by them of all England; so that now that disgraced Parliament is but a committee to act all at their pleasure, and the City is ready to fright the Parliament, at every first or second boast from the army. No humane hope remains but in the King's unparalleled willfulness, and the Armie's unmeasurable pride."

The "silly rascals," however, were yet to give a little trouble to Master Baillie and his party. Still, with the strong nationality that so amusingly displays itself in his former letters, he boasts that, "if the King would call, I doubt not the rising of the best armie ever we had, for the crushing of these serpents, enemies to God and man."

The escape of the King to the Isle of Wight, encouraged the Scots Commissioners, as the reader probably recollects, to renew their applications to him; and Baillie, in a subsequent letter, remarks, that "his majestie did live with them very lovingly; and upon great hopes on all hands, Traquair, Sir John Cheisly, and Cal-

lander, and all that came home before them, gave it out confidentially, in the general, that the King had given our Commissioners full satisfaction." These hopes were soon disappointed: the King still refused the Covenant, and the Assembly stood out many days on that negative expression, "The King not to be restored till he had sworn the Covenant." The Scottish Parliament soon after met, and offered strong opposition to the Assembly. The following extract is characteristic of the times, and of the high ground taken by the Scotch clergy, in "cases of discipline":—

"The first bickering was for our Declaration; when, contrary to their minds, we had past it, they were earnest it might not be published; but we had given order, as ever had been our custome, to print it, even before we had communicate it to the Parliament. They had diverse purposes, either by persuasion or violence, to have kept it in; but we let it goe out on Monday, and ordained it to be read on Sunday thereafter in all the Kirks of Edinburgh, and about. That which hastened it out was our irritation by the Thesaurer's challenge of Argyle on the Monday morning; an unhappie accident, that was ready to have kindled the fire amongst us all, had not the Lord prevented it. Argyle's enemies had of a long tyme burdened him, among many slanders, with that of cowardice and cullionrie. On the Fryday afternoon in Parliament, discoursing merrilie with the Thesaurer, he said, He heard of a meeting whereat the Thesaurer had been the other night. Speaking a little of this purpose, he apprehended that the Thesaurer had said, not only that the best men of the kingdome had been at that meeting, but also that himselfe was a better man than he. Upon this, Argyle goes out of the House in anger, and calls for Major Innes, who had sitten at both their feet, and heard their discourse, to know if he had heard the Thesaurer say, that himselfe was a better man than Argyle. Innes did not avow the words; but being sent to the Thesaurer from Argyle, to try if he had spoken so, he said, He would not make accompt to Argyle what he said; but whatever it was, he would make it good with his sword. Upon this Argyle desired him to appoint tyme and place; and on the Sunday, a public fast-day, the Thesaurer sent back word, after both sermons, that on Musleburgh Links, at seven o'clock to-morrow morning, he should meet him, and bring a nobleman for a second. Innes, albeit no great friend to Argyle, not only offered himselfe to Argyle for a second, but told him he would resent it as a wrong if he were not admitted; so Argyle with no flesh but Innes, the Thesaurer and Lanerick, his second, did meet. Incontinent all were missed, and many ran out to all quarters to search them: and, by God's providence, before they began their play, some fell on them, and made them part without a stroke. The counsell that night, with much adoe, gott them to a professed coldryfe friendship. We had resolved in the Commission of the Church to have made both before the congregation acknowledge their fault; so much the more, as Sinclaire and David Lesley, Eglintone and Glencarne, some dayes before; and some dayes after, Kenmure and Cranstone, had been on the like engagements; but other matters put that out of our heads."

The postscript to this letter, which is a very long one, and devoted to public affairs, shows how eagerly the polemic and politician turned to the more congenial pursuits of his early scholar life. Indeed, Baillie's allusions, from time to time, to the learned men of his day, and the enthusiasm with which he hails the appearance of a new work, or the expected reprint of some old one, are interesting traits of his character.

The result of the proceedings in the Scottish Parliament, was to send a second army into England, but now on behalf of the King under Duke Hamilton. Baillie acknowledges the excesses of these troops, and laments "their free quarters being an unlimited plundering of many very good and pious people." This army was defeated by Cromwell at Preston and Warrington, and then the "cursed army of sectaries" marched direct to Edinburgh. Another break

here occurs in Baillie's correspondence, which we very much regret, for it would have been important to learn from so bitter an enemy, but withal so honest a man, the conduct of Cromwell's troops while there. The next was written after the news of the King's death; and the eager expectations with which the Presbyterian party viewed the accession of his son, are vividly portrayed.

"To the great joy of all, in the midst of a very great and universal sorrow, we proclaimed, on Monday last, the Prince King of Brittain, France and Ireland. We have sent the bearer (Sir J. Douglas), a worthy gentleman, to signify so much to his Majesty at the Hague. We purpose speedily to send a honourable Commission from all estates. The dangers and difficulties wherewith both his Majesty and all his Kingdoms at this time are involved, are exceeding great and many. The first necessary and prime one (as all here without exception conceive) doth put his Majesty and his people both in a hopeful proceeding; and his Majesty's joyning with us in the National Covenant, subscribed by his grandfather King James, and the Solemn League and Covenant, wherein all the well affected of the three Kingdoms are entered, must live and die in, upon all hazards:—If his Majesty may be moved to joine with us in this one point, he will have all Scotland ready to sacrifice their lives for his service:—If he refuse, or shift this duty, his best and most useful friends, both here and elsewhere, will be cast into inextricable labyrinths, we fear, for the ruine of us all."

Two commissioners were appointed to represent the Church, Sir Joseph Douglas and Baillie. They proceeded to the Hague, and the following is the official account of their interview:—

"At night we came to the Hague, and spake with some friends, who were not many here. On the Tuesday, the second afternoon, we went to the Court, and had a favourable reception. My Lord Cassilis did speak to his Majesty in name of the Parliament and Kingdom, and Mr. Robert Baillie in name of the Church. So far as we could learn, what was spoken was taken in good part by all who heard. We then delivered our letters to his Majesty. The rest of that day, and the following, was spent in visiting the Queen of Boheme, the Princess Royall, the Prince of Orange, the Princess Dowager, and the Estates General. The Commissioners of Parliament found it necessary to give in, as previous to their desyres, a paper, for removing of James Grahame from Court. His Majesty's answer, under his owne hand, was, 'That he desyred and expected all our propositions together, to which he hoped to give a satisfactorie answer.' With this we were not content, but pressed againe our desyre, the Commissioners of Parliament by one other paper; and we also by one, second theirs, a copie whereof we send yow herewith. The King's second answer was an abiding in the first. We had all of us some discourse with his Majesty about the equity and necessity of that our desyre; but James Grahame hath so many and so powerful friends in the English Council, that as yet we cannot gett the King to discountenance him. On the Saturday morning we delivered to his Majesty the National Covenant, the Solemn League and Covenant, the Directory, the Confession of Faith, the Catechise, the Propositions of Government, bound together in a booke so handsome as we could gett them. We spoke something on the matter, and desyred of his Majesty more frequent and private conferences; who shew his willingness, and promised to send to us to advertise of his fittest opportunities."

The following extract is from his private letter:—

"As yet our fears are great of a sore storm to Scotland; yet yesternight I learned from a great person here, that our affaires, blessed be God, are not desperate. There is no Scotsman that is on the King's Council: the five or six English that are, Cottington, Culpepper, Hyde, Long, and some more, are divided. The most are of Prince Rupert's faction, who caresses Montrose, and presse mightily to have the King to Ireland: Culpepper and some bedchamber-men, as Wilmot, Byron, Gerard, and the master of the horse, Peirce, are of the Queen's faction, and these are for the King's joyning with us;

but all of them are much averse from the League and Covenant. The Prince of Orange, and by him all the nobles here, are for the last; and by their means we are somewhat hopeful yet to cary his Majesty to our Covenant and the most of our desyres for religion; but I dare not promise so much: yet the greatest stick, I suspect, shall be our severe Acts of Parliament. It seems all here, even our best friends, will be peremptor for a greater mitigation than I fear shall be granted by yow here. It were verily a great pity of the King: he is one of the most gentle, innocent, well-inclyned Princes, so far as yet appears, that lives in the world; a trimme person, and of manlie carriage; understands prettie well; speaks not much: would God he were amongst us."

In a following letter, Baillie gives an account of a private conference with the young king, with whom he had "a long and very favourable audience, from ten at night to near eleven." He again remarks upon the "meeke and equitable disposition" of the new monarch, and concludes, "if God would send him among us, without his present counsellors, I think he might make as good a king as Britain saw these hundred years." Some months however elapsed ere Charles ventured to enter Scotland.

The violent objections of the high presbyterian party to "James Graham," Marquess of Montrose, are about this time exhibited in almost every page of Baillie's letters; and they evidently viewed him as the chief obstacle to an amicable agreement with the king. Montrose was however soon after taken prisoner, and executed, to the great joy of that party; and Charles, willing, with the selfishness which always characterized him, to avail himself of the manifestation in his favour, at length agreed to sign the Covenant, and to enter the city where scarcely three months before, his devoted follower had been hanged. The march of Cromwell into Scotland, and the battle of Dunbar followed. Baillie's remarks on this decisive battle, as on the former victories of Cromwell, are amusing. The victory "ought to have been ours," he says; and it was through "our owne negligence" that Dunbar was won. He, however, comforts himself that "we have appointed to crown our king the first of January, at Scone." Meantime—

"While these things are a-doing at Dumfreis, Cromwell, with the whole body of his army and canon, comes peaceably by the way of Kilsith to Glasgow. The ministers and magistrates flee all away. I got to the Isle of Comray, with my Lady Montgomerie, but left all my family and goods to Cromwell's courtesie, which indeed was great; for he took such a course with his sojourns that they did lesse displeasure at Glasgow nor if they had been at London, though Mr. Zacharie Boyd rallied on them all to their very face in the High Church."

Truly the patience of Cromwell's Ironsides must have equalled their valour. The King was, however, crowned; the following is Baillie's account:—

"This day we have done that what I earnestly desyred, and long expected. Crowned our noble King with all the solemnities at Scone, so peaceable and magnificentie as if no enemy had been among us. This is of God; for it was Cromwell's purpose, which I thought easily he might have performed, to have marred by armes that action, at least the solemnitie of it. The Remonstrants, with all their power, would have opposed it; others prolonged it so long as they were able: allwayes, blessed be God! it is this day celebrate with great joy and contentment to all honest-hearted men here. Mr. Douglass, from 2 Kings xi, Josiah's coronation, had a very pertinent, wise, and good sermon. The King sware the Covenant, the League and Covenant, the Coronation Oath: when Argyle put on the Crown, Mr. Robert Douglass prayed weel; when the Chancellour set him on the throne, he exhorted weel; when all were ended, he, with great earnestness, pressed sinceritie and constancie in the Covenant on the King, delating at length King James's breach of the Covenant, persewed yet against the family, from Nehe-

minah v. 13, God's casting the King out of his lap, and the 34th of Jeremiah, many plagues on him if he doe not sincerely keep the othes now taken: he closed all with a prayer and the 20th Psalm."

Baillie's letters from this time chiefly relate to ecclesiastical affairs. Many of these, however, are interesting, for we therein see Lauderdale quoting Scripture like a very "ruling elder;" and expressing his hearty attachment to the Church of Scotland, as though he had never meditated treachery against her; and we see Baillie addressing Sharp, afterwards the Archbishop of St. Andrews, as his "dear friend and brother," sending him on a special mission to London, to "worthy Master Rous," and the other heads of the English Presbyterian party; rejoicing in his subsequent appointment to represent the affairs of his Church to the King on his restoration; and hoping, even against hope, that "dear James" would continue true to his word. Even at the very time when Sharpe had betrayed the cause he was especially appointed to uphold, Baillie wrote to him,—"Let others think and speak of yow as they please, and in their folly give yow matter of provocation, if yow were not wise, grave, and fearing God, yet yow shall deceave us notable and doo us a very evident ill turn before I believe it." Baillie's letters to Sharpe prove how trustingly he depended on him, and the duplicity of Sharpe is strongly marked in the following extract from his answer:—

"The King at my first addresse in Breda, was pleased to ask me very kindly about yow; and at my taking leave at Whitehall, commanded me to remember him to yow by name, with others; and I can assure yow, he hath a particular kindness for yow, and will give a demonstration of it. His Majesty hath been pleased to send by me a gracious Letter to the Presbytrie of Edinburgh to be communicated to all the Presbyteries in Scotland, which I am confident will satisfie all who are satisfiable; it will be printed, and within a day or two, a copie transmitted to yow. However the affaires of the Church of England may be disposed, which I see are tending to Episcopacie there, the blame whereof ought not to be laid upon the King, yet we need fear no violation of our settlement here, if the Lord give us to prize our owne mercie, and know our dutie. I have brought a letter from some citie ministers, bearing an account of their late procedure to an accommodation, for moderated Episcopacie, and the Church contests there are swallowed up by these who are for Prelacie in the former way, and these who are for a regulated Episcopacie. The King, by his declaration, which will be speedilie published, will endeavour a composing of these differences until a Synod be called. Your noble friend (Lord Lauderdale) who hath sent yow the inclosed, (however he is represented by some with yow) is a fixed friend to the interests of the Church of Scotland, and to that cause we have owned: we have cause to blesse God that he is putt into such a station by his Majesty, wherein he is capacitated to doe good offices to our Church, and honest men in it, for which I am perswaded he will lay himself forth to the utmost."

"These calumnies" were, however, soon found to be sober truth. Indeed, we can scarcely be surprised at the execration in which Sharpe's memory has been held in Scotland. Violent and bigoted as most of the Presbyterian clergy were, they were free from all suspicion of duplicity—they spoke out plainly their opinions on all subjects, and we can easily imagine their feelings when they found their cause betrayed by the very man whom they had chosen to uphold it.

The following anecdote is curious:—

"My Lord Belhaven, without any example I ever heard of in Scotland, with his Ladie, a very witty woman's adyce, did fayne death, and for seven yeares was taken by all for dead, yet now appears againe safe and sound in his owne house. He was much ingaged for Duke Hamilton: fearing the creditors might fall on his person and estate, and

knowing if he were reputed dead, his wife, by conjunctive and otherways, would keep his estate, he went, with his brother and two servants, towards England. These returned, affirming, that in Solway Sands my Lord was carried down by the river, and they could not rescue him. His horse and his hat they got, but when all search was made, his bodie could not be found. His Ladie and friends made great dool for him, and none controverts his death. In the mean time he goes beyond London and farms a piece of ground, and lives very privatelie there."

An earnest letter of remonstrance to his old friend Lauderdale concludes,—“If you or Mr. Sharpe, whom we trusted as our own soules, have swerved toward Chancellor Hyde’s principles, as we see many doo, yow have much to answer for.” Meanwhile the restored government began its career of confiscations and attainders. The account of the trial and execution of Argyle contains nothing very novel. Baillie evidently thought that the head of the Campbells ought not to die on the scaffold without supernatural warning:—

“My goodson, Mr. R[obert] Watson, was with his Lady in Rosenth the night the King landed in England: he told me, all the dogs that day did take a strange yowling, and glowing up to my [Lord Argyle’s] chamber windows for some hours together. Mr. Alexander Colvin, justice-deput, an old servant of the house, told me, that my Lady Kenmure, a gracious lady, my Lord’s sister, from some little skill of physiognomie, which Mr. Alexander had taught her, had told him some years agoe, her brother would die in blood.”

The trouble which resulted from that restoration which Baillie had for so many years desired to see, and the defection of his oldest friends, seem to have well nigh broken the old man’s heart. He died in August, 1662, respected even by those from whom he most differed; and leaving behind him a character of such unimpeachable integrity that it stamps the highest historical value on these journals.

Seven Lectures on Meteorology. By Luke Howard, Esq. F.R.S.

A welcome, wise, simple, shrewd, philosophical little book—the essence of a lifetime of observation and reflection. Every man who has a little leisure (and which of us cannot make a little?) should be a meteorologist; it is a philosophical study, of which the objects interest everybody, of which the subject is accessible to everybody, for which the instruments are simple, and to which, with very little study, every one may make himself competent; but more than this, it is a subject of inquiry, in which every man may make himself practically useful to society and to science at little cost of time and money, and with great interest to himself. To ladies, especially, the study recommends itself by its simplicity, the ease of observations, and its continual interest. Indeed, in this motley climate of ours, we can hardly conceive a better antidote to the annoyance of unpleasant weather, than its bringing with it subjects of interesting observation, discussion, illustration, experiment to the meteorologist. We have known ladies who became, by a very little practice, excellent observers. Do you wish to try? Get a *barometer* hung up in a convenient place in a good light, say in your dressing-room; buy a little ruled book, mark down the height of the mercury *every day* at such hours as you are most regularly in your dressing-room, say 9 in the morning, say 3 or 6 in the afternoon, say 9 at night, all of these or more, but regularly *every day*; date the book regularly; also get a thermometer, and hang it near the barometer, and another outside of the room in the shade, and put their indications beside the others, and you may also note the way the clouds fly. This is enough to begin with. Then buy Mr. Howard’s book, and you will wish to do a little more. If you keep your observations regularly, and make them regularly, then you do what will, if continued, form a collection of data valuable to the philosopher, however little you may yourself be acquainted with philosophical research; for philosophers only want

plenty of observations to know as much about the weather as they do about the moon or the tides.

This is a second edition of Mr. Howard’s book, and it deserves to be so. He has a good apology for writing: he has something to say; something which he knows better than any body else, therefore his little unpretending book is doubly welcome; welcome in that it is good, and welcome in that it is little. His treatise on the climate of London, and his papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*, are valuable stores of careful observation; and the present book is a popular abstract of them.

The following phenomena, connected with observations of the barometer and the state of the weather, are sufficiently general to be interesting:—

“Near the level of the sea the mean height of the barometer near London, taken throughout the whole year, is very nearly 30 inches; for twenty years, ending with 1816, it was 29.96 inches. At Tottenham, from 1823 to 1831, it ran thus:—29.76, 29.88, 29.99, 30.03, 29.94, 29.81, 29.69, 29.67 inches, alternately increasing and decreasing. It was found that, on an average of ten years, the barometer stood lowest at the beginning of winter, rose in spring, continued rising through summer, and fell, during autumn, to the lowest point at the end of autumn,—one cause of the dreeness of November. The comparative unsteadiness of the barometer at London varies from month to month as follows:—It is staidest in July, and most variable in December and January. Thus its variation or range in July was only one inch, in August 1.02, Sept. 1.5, Oct. 1.8, Nov. 2.1, Dec. 2.4, Jan. 2.4, Feb. 2, March 1.8, April 1.6, May 1.5, June 1.2 inches. All the great elevations of the barometer appear with northerly and dry winds, all the depressions with southerly and warm winds.”

We conclude this notice, as our author does his preface:—“The fact now fully ascertained, of the existence of periodical variations in the temperature of the years and seasons of our climate, should excite us to a more constant observation and more diligent study of the phenomena, since we may thus become qualified to avail ourselves of a considerable degree of foreknowledge of these changes.”

Hand-book for the City of Canterbury. By Felix Summery. Canterbury, Ward.—*The Home Treasury: Traditional Nursery Songs of England, with Pictures by eminent Artists—Sir Hornbook, or Child Launcelot’s Expedition, a Grammatico-Allegorical Ballad.* Edited by Felix Summery. London, Cundall.

A new book by Felix Summery says welcome, and here we have a handful of useful and all pleasant. Amidst the dull, old-fashioned formalities which form the staple of minor literature, these little volumes, graceful and tasteful in costume and illustration, came upon us like a burst of sunshine. The secret of Summery’s success is temperamental; all labours seem to him labours of love; his good spirits are positively infectious; he “babbles of green fields” till the “winged Fancy” has its foot on the cool sward, and feels the fresh breeze blowing on its cheek. We proposed only to turn over the leaves of the Canterbury Hand-book and look at the illustrations, and forthwith we had started on a pilgrimage; and, as Summery says, there were the old friends ready to keep us company on the road, only differently apparelled,—sergeants at law “ware and wise,” doctors of physic loving “gold in special,” haberdashers, hosiers, carpenters, weavers, dyers—

Echo of hem a fayne bourgeois
To sitten in a gild halle on the deis;
Everich for the wisdom that he can
Was shapeliſh for to ben an alderman.

Ask the Canterbury belles whether their venerable city be not even now occasionally visited by “worthy knights” and “clerks of Oxenford,” and pilgrim squires, “lovers and lusty bachelors, with lockes crull as they were laid in presse”? But there neither are nor were, good Felix, merchants, who “speak their reasons solemnly, *showing* always the increase of their winning.” Merchants know better, and so did old Geoffrey: “*souning*” is the word:—

His reason spake he ful solemnly,
Souning always the increase of his winning.

He did not *show* it; he did not let you into the mys-

tery of his trade ventures, the why and the wherefore of his “winnings”; he did not make a display of them; it was a sort of unconscious undersong, as natural as the drone to the bagpipe. However, we will not cavil about trifles, which a second edition can amend. Enough, that Felix Summery must have satisfied the people of Canterbury that their city is, or ought to be, famous for other works of art than the art of making brown; an art, we admit, not to be despised. There is “Becket’s Crown,”—a crowning glory anywhere,—and the unique Norman Staircase, and St. Augustine’s, and fifty other monuments of interest and beauty, and, above all, the glorious Cathedral, a wilderness of beauties.

But what shall we say of ‘The Home Treasury,’ a “gallery” of Art in itself, if it had no other merit? Children have, of late years, been overdone with what is called *useful knowledge*,—no scandal against Marcet or Markham,—and we rejoice that the beautiful and the fantastic (the nonsensical, if the reader please,) are now to have a turn. In our opinion, even the wordless jingle of the coral and bells ought not to be despised, so long as little eyes brighten and little lungs “crow” at it; and these Nursery Rhymes, with enlarged resources in the way of illustration, ought to be heartily welcomed. The Metals, and the Planets, and the Manufactures, may wait a year or two; there is time enough for the utilities; and for our parts, we would a thousand times rather have the Old Woman in her Basket, who visited the Moon, and the will of ‘Betty Pringle’s Piggy,’ than the impossibly-good little boys and girls, and the perfect fathers and mothers, which have been of late exhibited to our children to wonder at, not to play with nor to believe in. Nay, we may as well own, that ‘Dickery, dickery, dock’ (ours, not Mr. Summery’s, is the true and lawful version,) seems to us, as a lyric, far more wholesome than some of the so-called spiritual songs of late prepared for the infant ear, the superficial music of which has not defended us to the uncharitableness murmuring through the strain in malicious under-current.

From what we have said, the reader will infer that we consider this ‘Home Treasury’ to be rich in profit as well as pleasure. Compare these gilt books with the old tomes published by Mr. Newbery, backed with a waste morsel of tarnished Dutch paper, and illustrated with woodcuts little better than the portraits of the Royalties on a pack of cards! The cover of Summery’s casket is splendid enough to have been stolen from an Alhambra alcove; the pictures accompanying the ‘Nursery Rhymes’ are capital. Look at the frontispiece, the King of the Song of Sixpence counting his money in the parlour, while the Queen (wherefore in the kitchen, Mr. Summery? our Queen condescended for her “bread and honey” no lower than the pantry,) is stuffing herself right royally in the background,—why, it is as clever as if a Prize Cartoon. Exhibitor had drawn it—suppose one Mr. Horsley. Again, ‘Bye, O my baby,’ has as much grace and pathos as a picture by Redgrave; while the ‘Beggars coming to town,’ with the accompaniment of barking dogs, recalls to us Cope himself; and if Mr. Webster be not guilty of Mother Hubbard, when, returning home, she is surprised by the accomplishments in reading of her dog, he need not have been ashamed of the design—that’s all. The boy with the lost hare, too, is capital—a delicious mixture of fright and fun. Will any one assert, that in such an early introduction of our children to what is artistically good, there is no use? If such there be, he deserves to be sentenced to read nothing but Pinnoke till his dying day.

We have not yet spoken of Felix Summery as editor. His preface to the ‘Nursery Rhymes’ is cheerful and wise. As to the correctness of his text, that is a grave matter, every householder being, of course, prepared to maintain the purity of his own version. Our traditions, we are inclined to think, lend themselves better to the toss-up and round-about tunes of the nursery, than some of his. But we will not cavil about their purity. Let the members of the Camden or the Percy Society look to it. In the meantime we announce, with right good will, the opening of his Treasury. It will, of course, yield us fairy tales by the dozen, and to all we say “grace and welcome.”

The Artist and Amateur's Magazine, edited by E. V. Rippingille. Nos. 1-4. Longman & Co.

THE criticism of Artists is by no means necessarily Artistic criticism. An exclusive admiration for some one school, or style, or merit, or principle, from its being congenial with their own productions or powers, too often possesses their minds, warps and distorts their judgments, even till their bias, perhaps, at first reasonable, assumes the morbid character of a monomania. Their anxious attention likewise, however just and needful, to self-interest, which over-rides their abstract devotion to the grand interest of Art, gives many among them narrow and short-sighted views concerning what would best promote the latter: some will adopt the prevalent taste, impure or ephemeral, if it promise them golden returns; others will echo the *vox populi* as a veritable *vox Dei*, if their names be but heard loud enough in the shout, though it cry up absurdities and false doctrines along with them. Let ultra-idealism come into vogue, they trumpet forth incessant praises of the exaggerated, the fantastic, and *Michaëlagelo Deformato*: let ultra-naturalism become fashionable, they are all for servile adherence to reality, commonplace subjects, and the Dutch painters. When finish was the rage, they pronounced it indispensable—the sole test of perfect art; now that the rage is against it, they pronounce slovenliness fine freedom of pencil—touches made by a sponge flung at haphazard betray, forsooth, “the hand of a master!” We believe draughtsmanship itself might find grace with the profession, had that sickle lady, Public Opinion, first taken a whim to patronize the novelty! We may put a case still more in point: long as the tide of popular enthusiasm, the torrent rather, has run towards gaudy Colouring, have our artist-critics sought to correct or to confirm this meretricious taste? Where are their interdicts, their anathemas?—their bulls of indulgence follow, thick and fast, their feeble and few admonitions. Again: upon mechanical qualifications they set an extravagant value, not alone from these having cost themselves so much, but from the common partiality of all crafts to those manipulative powers which distinguish them—which, unacquired by the rest of the world, like masonic arcana, throw around each brotherhood the mysterious air of a Rosicrucian Lodge, and enable its members to sneer at the uninitiated. Lastly (though we cannot exhaust the discussion within our confined limits), it may be added, that artists, man for man, are as ignorant of literature, as lettered amateurs are of practical art; yet such equal ignorance produces very unequal results: the ignorance of mechanism can only lead to errors in technicalities and details, while ignorance of literature must lead to errors in poetic and philosophic attributes—in *principles*—in purified, elevated, and profound conceptions, which alone ennoble Art and raise it above the level of a mere handicraft. Hence we affirm that an unlettered artist, however dexterous at his tools, however “knowledge-crammed” with the knacks and secrets of his trade, is like Apelles’ shoemaker but an oracle to the toe of his last—not a nail’s breadth beyond it—and therefore must waive his pretensions to be a *lex loquens* in critical legislation, till he has studied something besides the ‘Handmaid to the Arts’ and Pilkington’s ‘Dictionary of Painters,’ nay, even Reynolds’s and Fuseli’s Lectures superadded, forming as they do only the alphabet and primer of that science. There are many “gentlemen of the press,” we grant, who carry a torch rather fuliginous than luminous into Art’s obscure recesses, their flamb being indeed a shock of straw which makes one brief blaze, and volumes of smoke; yet we submit there are gentlemen of the *casel* likewise who contribute to darken the darkness, or at best create

A little glooming light, much like a shade,

wherever their literary lantern spreads its powerless chiaroscuro. Does Sir David Wilkie’s Journal itself more resemble a glow-worm that illuminates the spot it creeps on, or an orb that illumines the world,—does it smell stronger of the atelier scone, or the philosopher’s taper? No! let artists talk as they may, a gallipot-lamp, fed with palette oil, and hung from the top of a nail-stick in some narrow creek or strait, cannot be justly considered “a light for all nations!” The Editor of ‘*The Artist and Amateur’s Magazine*’ gives candid evidence upon this subject. “As to the utility of the writers of the public press, I am disposed

to regard that as a matter of far greater importance than is generally assigned to it, and worthy of much consideration as a valuable adjunct in the cause of art.” Several writers for the public press, and those not the worst, let us own with equal fairness, are painters, sculptors, &c., competent to aid periodical literature. Mr. E. V. Rippingille is a wielder of both these potent wands—the pen and the pencil, being an artist distinguished by his talent and peculiar taste, an author likewise well known by various creditable lucubrations. He may be said, therefore, to bring the double power, nothing less than which, we have shown, can efficiently fulfil the twofold function of Artistic Criticism. So far his claims challenge general attention and favour. Whether they will succeed in the appeal, remains much with himself. But we say again, last, what we said first, let the artist-critic beware above all things of what Bacon denominates *idola specus*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

King Eric and the Outlaws; or the Throne, the Church, and the People in the Thirteenth Century, by Ingemann; translated by Jane Frances Chapman, 3 vols.—The literature of the Far North bids fair to become fashionable: thanks to the homely skill of Frederika Bremer. Who could have imagined that her brewings and bakings would have opened the door to the feats of courteous knights and blue-eyed ladies of olden time: that, in short, from the familiar, we should be led back to the romantic? The phenomenon is a curious one—if we may regard it as anything but an evidence of the enterprise of speculation. But the number of readers who, having begun the adventures of ‘King Eric,’ will fairly bring the same to an end, is questionable. The incidents move heavily; and there is a want of female interest; since the daughters of Marsk Stig are shut up in prison for the greater part of the romance. The plot turns upon the troubles caused by the collision of the Church and the Throne; and the best scene is that in which the factious and imperious Archbishop Grand, on being brought into the presence of King Eric, arrests the coercive measures of the latter, by anathematizing him. A certain rough humour, too, pervades the escape scenes, in which Cook Morten figures: nevertheless, ‘King Eric’ is tough reading.

Ben Bradshaw; or the Man without a Head, 3 vols:—*Rose of Woodlee*, by Maria Bainbridge, 3 vols.—These works have remained unnoticed for some weeks, precisely because they belong to that class of literature (vide p. 586) to which ‘Tales of the Colonies’ do not. Nothing so heavy, sometimes, as *light* reading! ‘Ben Bradshaw’ is sprightly by courtesy, ‘Rose of Woodlee’ (who could doubt it?) sentimental: yet we have read articles in Encyclopædias less wearisome than the mirth and the sadness of this farce and tragedy. Lest we be thought too severe we will offer an extract from ‘Rose,’ and then call upon such of our readers as remember Hook’s ‘Gervase Skinner’ to declare whether Mrs. Fuggleston’s redoubtable song *colla campanella* exceeds in originality the following melting ditty:—

Frank.

I could not be happy alone—could you?
I could not be happy—and what should I do?

When left alone,

In a bitter tone

I should murmur and moan

O’er the joys that had gone;

For pleasure flies one man, but dwells with two!

Rose.

I could not be happy alone, not I!

I could not be happy, and wish not to try!

Heigh ho!

Sad and slow

Would the hours be, I know,

If you from me should go;

For I never should laugh, and should learn to sigh.

Both.

We could not be happy alone, not we;

Though to pomp, wealth, and power, our path were free.

1st. So I say again,

2nd. So I say again,

That in joy or in pain

We’ll together remain.

No! the life that is lonely is not for me!

After this we are not apprehensive of being called to order for withholding a sketch of the leading incidents which chequered the fortunes of either ‘Rose’ or ‘Benjamin.’

A Visit to the East, by the Rev. H. Formby.—Mr. Formby is by his own confession “one of those

unhappy persons upon whom this monument and the other ruin, this famous spot or the other famous region, does not make those choice impressions to which the diaries of accomplished tourists seem to bear testimony.” The truth of this is manifest enough to the reader; and, in addition to his natural incapacity, Mr. Formby travelled too hurriedly for observation. Thus, though his title-page professes to give an account of Germany and the Danube, we learn nothing about either except such extraordinary facts as that the English know less of their German brethren than of almost any other people less remote than the Japanese; and that German beggars are so proud of their country and ancestry, that many would “deem it a sacrifice of the honour due to them, were they to admit into their pockets so much as an Austrian kreutzer or a Prussian pfenning.” So far as the East is concerned, the work consists of reflections and speculations on the evidence of prophecy, &c., which we have had often before, and done better, by others, and which Mr. Formby might have executed with equal advantage to himself and the public, “sitting at home at ease.” A few stray passages connect him with the Tractarian school of Theology, though his views on this point are not developed beyond a gentle hint or two. A few uninteresting woodcuts, and a few rather hackneyed quotations, as specimens of the author’s University learning, complete a volume of what is, we think, rather prematurely styled “The Englishman’s Library.”

Irwel, and other Poems, by A.—This, we presume, the first introduction of the river Irwel into poetry; and its bearing, under such novel circumstances, is pretty much what might have been expected from it, by those who know that very prosaic and dirty-faced stream. We should, as a matter of speculation, certainly not have recommended the candidate for Parnassus to seek it by the pathway of the Irwel; and can now offer the example of the author before us, as an argument better than speculation, against an embarkation on this water, in search of fairy-land. To waste ink upon a river already so black as the Irwel, is worse than “weeping in the needless stream”—or, to speak more characteristically, “carrying coals to Newcastle”;—and we much fear that all the “best Japan” poured out in that direction, can flow only towards that dark and sluggish gulf spoken of in the ‘Dunciad.’ Let us give our readers a single “sample” of the sort of imagination which grows in the air that is freshened by the Irwel—in the Cockaigne of Lancashire:—a starry sky is described by our author as a “huge candelabrum, with its thousand lights!”—Evening the same bard would, no doubt, personate as a “lamp-lighter”; and the clouds would, in the calature of his poetic brain, be so many “extinguishers.”

Faust: a Tragedy. Part II. Rendered from the German of Goethe, by A. Gurney.—This translation is free and fluent, and, as far as we have compared it with the original, tolerably accurate. It will, at all events, serve to present to the English public, in an agreeable form, the conclusion of Goethe’s great puzzle, the Faust. We differ from Mr. Gurney in his opinion of the poet’s intentions in this second part. He appears to us to have had little or no regard to the working out of his plan, as developed in the opening of Part I., but to have made this second portion a new vehicle for opinions on all subjects—in fact, for a satire upon human nature in general. We doubt if any man could have worked out the problem which Goethe proposed to himself in this dramatic poem. The conclusion to which he brings it is too lame and impotent to allow us, for a moment, to suppose that Goethe himself was satisfied with his solution. We will give the opening song, sung by Ariel, as a specimen of Mr. Gurney’s version:—

When, o’er the landscape, charming spring
Weeps ‘mid her smiles in gentle showers,
And fragrant op’ning blossoms fling
Their varied sweets from gay wild flowers,
The evil and the good have rights
On your protection,—then to man,
Afford, ye little elfin sprites,
Whatever friendly aid ye can!

While hovering yon poor mortal’s head around,
Fulfil your duties as good fairies bound—
Assuage the furious conflict in his heart,
Heal the keen wounds of memory’s fatal dart;
With cunning spells hush sorrow’s wintry blast,
And teach him blest oblivion of the past.
Night hath divisions four; but let them be
Conjoined, for once, in mystic unity!

First, on the greenward give him calm repose,
Next, bathe him in the dew of Lethe's stream,
So that with limbs refresh'd like new-blown rose,
He may bud forth anew, with morning's gleam;
O'er him let Conscience' pangs have no control,
And with celestial fire illumine his soul!

We shall leave our readers to form their own opinion on this poem, which they may well do from Mr. Gurney's translation, if they are not fortunate enough to be able to read it in the original, the harmony of the verse and diction of which no translation, however spirited, can hope to equal.

Polish Aristocracy and Titles, by Count H. Krasinski.—A strange, rambling production, giving an account of the union of Lithuania with Poland, with sketches and anecdotes of the great Polish families. The author, "being a political emigrant, and not being an Englishman, but in heart, throws himself on the indulgence of a generous and benevolent public," and as we have no wish to diminish his chances of favour, we shall not enter on any lengthened criticism of his work; but a single sentence from the preface may amuse the reader:—"When the mind contemplates the grumbling wind which dances the *Cossack* on the *Stepp*, the flocks of bustards (*drop*), and occasionally solitary eagles flying from the traveller, the distant howling wolves pursuing the wild horses, it is at once entranced with the mighty wildness of Ukraina."

A Cyclopædia of Commerce, &c., by W. Waterston.—This Cyclopædia is intended to furnish in a brief form an exposition of the subjects comprehended under its title, viz. Commerce, Mercantile Law (by Mr. Burton), Finance, and Commercial Geography. It has been compiled with care, and gives the most recent and authentic information on the matters treated of. We have no doubt that it will prove a valuable addition to every mercantile library, and be found a useful book of reference in all commercial matters.

The Annual Biography for 1842, by C. R. Dodd, Esq.—A work of a like character was heretofore

published, and struggled on for many years, but was never very successful. The present is much better compiled, and has therefore a better chance of success. Of the value of these contemporary memoirs we do not care to inquire.

The Emigrant's Handbook of Facts, by S. Buller.—So far as we are able to judge, this volume contains much useful information regarding Canada, New Zealand, Australia, Cape of Good Hope, &c. It enters minutely into most points on which it is desirable that the emigrant should possess information. It has also this advantage that it does not raise his expectations too high, and thus subject him to disappointment.

Ruth, by the author of 'A Visit to my Birthplace.'—Well meant, but tiresome, and a little absurd.

Annette Gervais, from the French of Madame Tourte Cherbuliez, is also a serious story, but of better quality.

The Rector's Note Book, by Mrs. Jane Stanford.—A tale wherein a pretty Jewess is converted by a clergyman and marries his son. Moral—that pretty Jewesses, before they become converts, should be quite sure that the Rector has a son.

The Phenomena of the Universe—Map of the Stars—by J. Wyld. These maps are clearly engraved, and, we doubt not, will prove useful to the astronomical student.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]—NOTICE TO BOOK-BUYERS.—M. A. NATTALL begs to announce to his Friends and the Public generally, that he has removed from Southampton Street to more commodious premises, 23, BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN. His Annual Catalogue of Books in all Classes of Literature may still be procured gratis. The Post Circular of Books, just published, will be forwarded gratis, to all parts of the Kingdom by applying Pre-Paid. Attention is respectfully solicited to his cheapest of important works in the *Athenæum* of this day, in the front page.

List of New Books.—Hydrophobia; the Theory, Principles, and Practice of the Water Cure, by Edward Johnson, M.D., author of 'Life, Health, and Disease,' 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.; ditto, large paper, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Piety and Intellect relatively estimated, by H. Edwards, Ph. D., 2nd edit. 12mo. 6s. 6d. cl.

—A Practical Exposition of the Epistle to the Philippians, with Sermons on various subjects, by the late Robert Hall, M.A., 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—The Poetical Star, by M. C. Blason, 12mo. 6s. cl.—The Medical Friend, or Advice for the Preservation of Health, by James Paxton, M.D., 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Swiss Family Robinson, new edit. 12mo. 6s. cl.—Geography and History, by a Lady, continued to the present time, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England, Vol. VI., post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Strickland's Letters of Mary Queen of Scots, new edit. 3 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.—Endeavours after the Christian Life, a Volume of Discourses, by Rev. James Martineau, 12mo. 8s. 6d. cl.—Dodd's Church History, by Rev. M. A. Tierney, Vol. V., 8vo. 12s. cl.; ditto, royal 8vo. 21s. cl.—The Parallel Histories of Judah and Israel, by Rev. M. Geneste, 2 vols. imperial 8vo. 12. 11s. 6d. cl.—The Hexaplar Psalter, the Book of Psalms in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English, 1 vol. 4to. 15s. cl.—The Book of Psalms, Hebrew and English, fe. 8vo. 5s. cl.—Rome as it was under Paganism, and as it became under the Popes, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. cl.—Vinet's Essay on Religious Conviction, translated by T. C. Jones, royal 12mo. 9s. cl.—Best's Family Prayers, 12mo. 2s. cl.—Harington's (Rev. E. C.) Brief Notes on the Church of Scotland, from 1553 to 1842, 8vo. 4s. cl.—Hallon's Exposition of the Church Catechism, fe. 8vo. 4s. cl.—Watson's (of Cheltenham) Catechism on the Common Prayer, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Nevin's Thoughts on Popery, revised by Isaac Taylor, 18mo. 2s. cl.—McKnight on the Apostolic Epistles, new edit. imperial 8vo. 21s. cl.—Horse Sacra, Prayers and Meditations for Private Use, new edit. 32mo. 5s. morocco, 3s. 6d. roan.—Bloomfield's Greek Testament for Colleges and Schools, 3rd edit. 12mo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Arnold's Key to Rapier's Latin Verse Book, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Apell's German and English Grammar, new edit. post. 8vo. 3s. cl.—Del Mar's Spanish Grammar, 3rd edit. 12mo. 3s. cl.—Philosophical Proofs of the Original Unity and Recent Origin of the Human Race, by A. J. Johns, 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.—Hoyd's History of Literature, Vol. I. 8vo. 9s. cl.—The Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer, royal 8vo. 20s. cl.—The Attaché, or Sam Slick in England, by the Author of 'The Clockmaker,' 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.—Meredith, by the Countess of Blessington, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Peckston's Practical Treatise on Gas Lighting, 3rd edit. 8vo. 3s. cl.—Braid on Nervous Sleep in Relation with Animal Magnetism, 18mo. 6s. cl.—Dr. Rowe, on Nervous Diseases, 6th edit. 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Change for the American Notes, in Letters from London to New York, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Cornish's Manual of Common Law, 2nd edit. 12mo. 10s.—Summery's Hand-Book of the National Gallery, with illustrations, fe. 8vo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Summery's Hand-Book for the City of Canterbury, with map and illustrations, fe. 8vo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Summery's Hand-Book for Hampton Court, with additional maps, &c., 2nd edit. fe. 8vo. 5s. cl.—Eardley Wilmut's Tribute to Hydrophobia, 32mo. 1s. cl. swd.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL for JUNE, kept by the Assistant Secretary, at the Apartments of the Royal Society,
By ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

JUNE, 1843.	9 o'clock, A.M.			3 o'clock, P.M.			Dew Point at 9 A.M., along Fahr.	Diff. of Wet and Dry Bulb Ther.	External Thermometers.				Rain in inches. Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.
	Barometer uncorrected.			Barometer uncorrected.					Fahrenheit.		Self-registering				
	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.	Att. Ther.	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.	Att. Ther.			9 A.M.		3 P.M.				
									Lowest		Highest				
T 1	29.716	29.708	59.7	29.652	29.646	62.0	56	04.9	61.3	65.3	56.3	67.6	.086	S	Cloudy—light wind throughout the day—rain early. Ev. Overcast.
F 2	29.336	29.328	60.6	29.342	29.336	63.7	58	01.8	57.3	64.2	56.0	67.3	.041	E	{ A.M. Overcast—brisk wind, with occasional showers. P.M. Cloudy with showers. Evening, Cloudy.
S 3	29.486	29.480	60.4	29.516	29.508	62.8	55	05.9	59.2	64.2	53.8	66.3	.061	S	Dark heavy clouds—brisk wind throughout the day. Ev. Fine & starlight.
⊙ 4	29.700	29.694	72.3	29.694	29.688	64.0	56	06.7	62.5	63.7	52.2	69.3		E	{ A.M. Dark heavy clouds—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds—brisk breeze. Evening, Fine and starlight.
M 5	29.850	29.844	72.0	29.838	29.830	62.6	52	06.9	57.3	58.2	48.5	71.3	.033	S	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind, with gentle showers. P.M. Cloudy—brisk wind. Evening, Fine and starlight.
T 6	29.840	29.832	66.4	29.852	29.844	60.3	48	06.3	56.2	55.2	48.4	79.0	.130	SE	{ A.M. Cloudy—light breeze—heavy rain. P.M. Overcast—slight showers. Ev. Overcast.
W 7	29.950	29.942	69.0	29.878	29.870	60.7	52	06.0	56.7	57.8	47.6	66.3	.247	S	{ Cloudy—brisk wind. P.M. Overcast—stiff breeze—light rain. Ev. Overcast.
T 8	29.454	29.450	65.2	29.412	29.404	61.2	54	05.9	58.7	61.0	51.7	61.2	.130	S var.	{ Cloudy—light breeze—very high wind. P.M. Overcast—slight rain. Ev. Overcast.
F 9	29.422	29.416	64.0	29.532	29.524	61.8	54	06.2	60.3	61.8	53.0	67.7	.033	S	{ A.M. Cloudy—high wind—high wind throughout the night. P.M. Fine—light clouds—high wind. Evening, Cloudy.
S 10	29.816	29.808	61.0	29.900	29.894	61.2	53	06.2	58.8	57.8	51.8	65.3	.055	W	{ A.M. Cloudy—light breeze. P.M. Overcast—light breeze, with showers. Evening, Cloudy.
⊙ 11	30.108	30.100	62.7	30.098	30.090	61.7	50	04.4	55.3	58.8	50.0	66.8	.047	W	{ Cloudy—light breeze throughout the day, with slight rain. Ev. The same.
M 12	30.054	30.046	58.2	30.014	30.006	59.8	52	04.4	54.3	56.7	50.5	61.4		N	Overcast—light rain—stiff breeze throughout the day. Ev. The same.
T 13	29.878	29.870	56.3	29.840	29.832	57.0	51	01.0	49.7	53.7	49.5	58.8	.211	NNW	Overcast—slight rain and wind throughout the day. Ev. The same.
W 14	29.970	29.962	57.6	30.000	29.992	60.0	54	02.6	58.7	63.8	50.5	60.0	.119	N	{ A.M. Cloudy—slight rain and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and breeze throughout the day. Evening, Fine and starlight.
T 15	30.036	30.030	62.0	30.022	30.014	62.3	59	04.3	63.3	66.8	58.2	65.4	.016	NE	{ Fine—light clouds and breeze throughout the day. Evening, Fine and moonlight.
F 16	30.000	29.994	74.8	29.984	29.976	64.4	58	06.0	63.7	68.4	53.6	72.6		N	{ A.M. Cloudy—light breeze. P.M. Fine—light clouds and breeze. Evening, Fine and starlight.
S 17	30.058	30.050	60.8	30.024	30.016	63.4	54	03.2	55.3	69.8	50.4	69.8		N	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and breeze. P.M. Cloudy—light rain and breeze. Evening, Cloudy—few stars.
⊙ 18	29.986	29.978	60.4	29.904	29.898	64.0	56	02.1	54.8	67.8	52.0	71.2		NE	Lightly overcast—stiff breeze throughout the day. Ev. The same.
M 19	29.878	29.870	59.9	29.902	29.894	62.5	55	02.4	53.5	59.8	51.0	70.0		N	Overcast—stiff breeze throughout the day. Ev. The same.
T 20	30.122	30.114	57.7	30.176	30.168	59.0	48	03.3	51.7	55.7	51.0	63.2		N	Overcast—stiff breeze throughout the day. Ev. The same.
W 21	30.178	30.170	70.2	30.086	30.078	61.7	58	07.6	59.3	68.7	50.0	62.0		W	{ Fine—light clouds & breeze throughout the day. Evening, Cloudy—light breeze.
T 22	30.044	30.036	61.5	30.042	30.036	64.0	55	06.3	60.8	66.7	56.6	72.6		N	Cloudy—light breeze throughout the day. Ev. Lightly cloudy—few stars.
F 23	30.126	30.118	70.7	30.082	30.074	64.6	55	07.3	61.3	68.7	51.3	72.8		N	Fine—light clouds and breeze throughout the day. Ev. Fine & starlight.
S 24	30.070	30.064	64.7	30.036	30.028	64.9	55	06.5	59.3	63.7	54.0	70.3		N	Fine—light clouds and breeze throughout the day. Ev. Overcast.
⊙ 25	29.986	29.978	59.0	29.934	29.928	62.0	52	04.0	52.5	61.4	51.0	65.4		NNW	{ A.M. Lightly overcast—light breeze. P.M. Heavy clouds—light breeze. Evening, Fine and starlight.
M 26	29.940	29.932	60.2	29.906	29.898	61.6	52	04.5	56.4	66.7	49.3	64.0		N	Cloudy—light breeze throughout the day. Ev. Fine and starlight.
● T 27	29.830	29.824	72.2	29.736	29.728	65.2	53	08.3	64.3	70.0	53.7	79.7		E	Fine—light clouds and breeze throughout the day. Ev. Overcast.
W 28	29.674	29.666	62.8	29.682	29.676	62.3	45	04.8	54.3	57.2	51.5	73.6		N	{ A.M. Cloudy—light breeze. P.M. Fine—light clouds and breeze. Evening, Cloudy—slight shower.
T 29	29.810	29.802	64.5	29.816	29.808	61.8	42	05.7	56.6	61.8	47.3	63.3	.016	NW	{ A.M. Cloudy—light breeze. P.M. Dark heavy clouds—light breeze. Evening, Cloudy—few stars.
F 30	29.922	29.914	65.5	29.928	29.920	62.3	54	07.3	60.3	61.2	55.2	64.3		W	Cloudy—light breeze throughout the day. Ev. Cloudy—few stars.
MEAN.	29.875	29.867	63.7	29.861	29.853	62.2	53	05.1	57.8	62.6	51.9	67.6	Sum. 1.225		Mean Barometer corrected { 9 A.M. 3 P.M. F. 29.785 .. 29.775 C. 29.776 .. 29.766

Note.—The daily observations are recorded just as they are read off from the scale, without the application of any correction whatever.

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FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Franconia—The Maine—The Rhine—Germany and France.

THE newly established steam-boat on the Maine is an important addition to the facilities of communication with the continent. It lays open the charming district which is entitled to be called, in every sense of the word, the heart of Germany. Where shall we look for three such antique, stately, and truly individual cities, lying within a day's journey of each other, as Bamberg, Nürnberg, and Würzburg? Where for such smiling and bounteous plains as those around Bamberg? Where for a more beautiful little region of green valleys, and gushing brooks, and ruined fastnesses, than the triangle lying between the three noble cities? Where for a more sturdy, manly, thriving, good-humoured peasantry than the Franconian? If any one were to say to me, I wish to see a bit of Germany; tell me where I can see the best and most characteristic specimen of the country—I should always say Franconia and its three cities. I need not particularize the respective advantages and superiorities of other states or other cities. I could easily point out in what respect Franconia must yield—here to this, and there to the other—but, in this region, country, cities, and men, are the most purely and truly German. There is no Slavonian element as in Austria, Prussia, and Saxony—no trace of French habits or institutions, as on the Rhine.

Hitherto the beautiful Maine has been navigated only by barges and market-boats: the steam-boat began to run last summer from Würzburg to Frankfurt, but was soon interrupted by the drought, which stopped the navigation of all the secondary rivers in Germany: all but the two mighty streams, the Rhine and the Danube, were rendered useless. On the 1st of March this year the Maine steamer started again. On the 26th of May, after a fortnight of pretty abundant rain, we embarked at Würzburg at four in the morning, on board the little vessel. My expectations were tolerably raised by what I had formerly seen of this noble river from its banks, but I confess they were surpassed by the interest and charm of the voyage. The stream was deep, and full, and rapid, and when one thought of it as a tributary, one wondered no more at the incomparable grandeur of the Rhine. The water, which is never clear, was particularly turbid after the rains, and justified its name of the yellow Maine, but in other respects its course and character are singularly beautiful. Less grand and powerful than the Rhine, it is calmer and more soothing. If it has no spots so romantic as some on the Elbe, between Dresden and Prague—none comparable in striking beauty to Tetschen, for example—on the other hand, its general character is fresher and more cheerful. The hills are not, except near Würzburg, covered with vines or with scanty vegetation, like those of the Vienne, nor with the *Nadelholz*, the pines and firs, which are the principal clothing of those of the Elbe, but with rich forests, chiefly of deciduous trees. From Wertheim to Aschaffenburg you have the forest of Spessart, the haunt of ghosts and robbers, on your right, and the Odenwald on your left. At this season of the year the verdure is bright and fresh. The following day, on descending the Rhine, I was struck by the comparatively bare and brown appearance of the hills. The general character of the shores of the Maine is fertile, cheerful, tranquil, and primitive. The first town of any interest is Karlstadt, built, as the captain of the boat told us, by Kaiser Karl der Grosse: his name is a familiar word in the mouths of the people of Germany, and here, in his own Franken, his august and awful shade haunts every corner of the land. Here traditions, which are half fabulous elsewhere, assume the dignity of historic truth; and if the very walls and towers before us were not built by him, they probably owe their name to some earlier construction of his. Karlstadt is a small fortified

town of the rudest architecture; the walls are standing and nearly entire, and are flanked by two square towers. The general aspect of the town reminded me of Oberwesel on the Rhine, only it is far ruder and more primitive. On the opposite shore is the ruined castle of Karlenburg. Somewhat lower, on the right bank, lies the pretty cheerful-looking little town of Lohr, through which the road to Aschaffenburg passes. On the same side is the ruined castle of Rothenfels. A new bridge of red sandstone crosses the river at Heidenfeld; it is not yet completed, but promises to be very beautiful. The castle of Triffenstein, the seat of Prince Löwenstein-Wertheim, is in the style of many German chateaux of the end of the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth century. I need hardly add, that it has no architectural beauty to recommend it. Its situation is most lovely; one sees that it must command a noble view of the course of this most winding river, and of the wooded hills, ruined castles, and pretty towns on its shores. The ruins of the castles of Homburg, Stadt-Prozelten, Kollenburg, and Freudenberg, which follow each other in quick succession, are all striking, and each has a different character. That of Homburg stands on an isolated rock, connected with the adjoining hills by bridges over the chasms. The grouping of the thickly wooded hills, in the midst of which Freudenberg is placed, is extremely beautiful. These castles have a character different from those on the Rhine, but are almost as numerous in proportion to the course of the river. The lordly castellans, no doubt, lived on the plunder of the citizens of Nürnberg and Frankfurt. The valley of the exquisite stream which runs through Franconian Switzerland, the Wiesent, is also full of magnificent vestiges of these noble depredators. The little town of Wertheim lies at the foot of a hill on which is an ancient castle apparently in tolerable preservation. Close to the river is a tall round tower, somewhat in the style of that at Andernach, but smaller and ruder, and on the opposite side of the river a wall and towers climb the height from the shore to the summit. The river makes a bend at this point, and the whole group is very fine. Still more picturesque and striking is Miltenberg. This antique, primitive-looking town reminded me of what some of the small Rhine towns were fifteen years ago, before they were defaced by hideous Victoria hotels, and denationalized by a hundred adaptations to the tastes, real or supposed, of travellers. Miltenberg is perhaps even more German, more original than they then were. If the presence of English residents could surmise one anywhere, I should certainly have been surprised to hear from the captain that two Englishmen were living in this antique and secluded place. I thought they might have business there; no, he said, they lived there "for their pleasure." If a charming country, tranquillity, cheapness, and easy access to two great cities, can make up a pleasant life, they have chosen well. Passing through the territory of the other branch of the house of Löwenstein, you come to Aschaffenburg, from which point the river runs nearly parallel to the high road to Hanau, and thence to Frankfurt. This is all *pays de connaissance* to every traveller. We reached Frankfurt a little after six, and left it by the last train for Mainz. The next day steamer and railroad brought us to Aix-la-Chapelle—two days' travelling, which, a century ago, would have appeared among the wildest *Mährchen* that ever unbridled fancy invented.

As I stepped on the carpeted floor and between the elegant draperies of my own room at the hotel at Mainz, the whole reality struck me—I had seen the last of Germany. From Frankfurt you are in Europe, if you will, but not in Germany—the Germany I have learned to know and to love, with its many defects and its rare and singular excellencies, its comparatively poor and imperfect material life (to use an affected Gallicism), and its rich intellectual existence, with a complex character which few foreigners understand or appreciate, and which for ever attaches the few who do—Germany lay behind me. Whole trains of thoughts and feelings with which I had grown familiar were to be laid aside with the language which has received from them its peculiar stamp, and a new moral and intellectual world, the world of France, to be entered upon.

Though I am little disposed to laugh at my dear Germans, now I have left them, I cannot help recording one feature of the voyage, which is completely

national. On going down into the cabin I saw a large placard entitled *Allgemeines Reglement den Passagierdienst der Maindampfschiffe betreffend*.—General rules regarding the personal service of the Maine steamers; and a more delicious little morsel of administrative pedantry I have seldom seen. It is divided into four sections. Section 1 is headed 'Of the Packet Offices' (*Expeditionen Comptoirs*), the paying for places and luggage, and the getting on board and on shore (*Ein-und-Ausshipfungen*). This contains fourteen paragraphs, marked 1§, 2§, &c. Section 2, Of the duties of the people employed (*Beamten*) by the administration (*Verwaltung*), or, as we should say, company, towards the passengers—twelve paragraphs. Section 3, Of the obligations (*Obliegenheiten*) of passengers—twenty-six paragraphs. Section 4, General directions—four paragraphs. Section 3, it will be seen, is wonderfully prolific. The following are some of the prohibitions:—No passenger must bring anything dangerous, dirty, or stinking on board: bed-feathers, assafetida, Limburg cheese, and old clothes are expressly forbidden. When the working of the vessel requires the passengers to leave the deck, they must do so at the request of the captain. No dealing allowed, nor showing *Kunststücke*, or *Schaustücke*—*Anglice*, tricks or sights for money. In short, the directions are some so ludicrously superfluous, and some so strangely far-fetched, that it must have required no little ingenuity to invent all the possible acts of stupidity or extravagance that people could commit. I wondered that passengers were not forbidden to spit in each other's faces, break all the wine-glasses, or jump overboard, and had serious thoughts of adding an appendix to supply so crying an omission. Section 50 decrees that refractory passengers are to be admonished by the captain in a respectful manner (*auf bescheidene Weise*) to observe peace and order. Sanction.—If they continue restive he may put them and their effects into a boat, and land them on the nearest shore (*nächste Ufer*). This sounded wild and desperate, and gave one a fearful idea of the desolation and abandonment consequent on lawless conduct in a Maine steamer. However, I gathered back my frightened imagination from desert islands and inhospitable shores, and came down to the real amount of the evil, *i. e.* that the turbulent and expelled passenger does not get his fare back again. Section 51, But if such a case should occur, the captain must draw up a written statement of the whole affair, and get it signed by two credible passengers.

This document was concocted, it seems, by the company, or Direction, as it is called, and adopted by the Government. I am quite sure so much careful regulating has never been expended on the whole steam navy of Britain as on this little nutshell on the Maine. And, indeed, it would not be very prudent to attempt it; we should infallibly want to do all the naughty things so obligingly suggested. The good Germans are less recalcitrant, so that there is not so much danger of putting them up to mischief. But really it is not fair to them to exhibit regulations which seem to assume that they are incapable of guiding themselves with common sense or decency.

To return to the Rhine. You will think I have not escaped the infection of German sentimentality when I confess that my eyes filled with tears—tears at the sight of carpets and curtains!

It is impossible for any one who has been admitted into the inner life of Germany to quit it without affectionate regret, or to think of it without the deepest interest; and these feelings, like true love or friendship, make even peculiarities and defects dear. The moral and intellectual life of this great and varied land is the most fertile and interesting subject of contemplation—full of new combinations and original suggestions. In no country have thought and speculation so free and wide a field; in none is the vocation of science and art so understood and honoured; in none is Christian liberty so respected and Christian charity so practised. If there is more personal dignity, freedom, and self-respect, a larger, loftier and more generous way of dealing, and greater external refinement in English society, on the other hand the intellectual vulgarity of England, as compared with Germany, is incontestable and striking. commonplace and slang seem to divide the popular press between them; ideas long ago discussed and dismissed, blunders long ago confuted, and prejudices long ago

* This is the district affectively called Franconian Switzerland. The Germans seem as if they wished the naming of the beautiful spots of their country to justify the reproach of want of national pride. If they are remarkably beautiful, they are no longer Germany, but Switzerland. Saxon Switzerland, and Franconian Switzerland, are names adopted by foreigners but given by natives. A gentleman in Berlin told me, with a smile, that he was just returned from the *Markische Schweiz*; what a Markish Switzerland can be like, I have never yet been able to conjecture.

overcome, are put forth with a solemn innuendo strangely inconsistent with the bold, enterprising, and able character of the English people, who shrink from nothing but the free use of their own intellects. The contrast between the freedom of action, and the absence of it in speculation, in England, with the converse in Germany, is one of the most curious problems in the history of mankind. In short, I return to my old text, that gifts and graces are distributed with so equal a hand as to afford no nation much occasion for triumph.

On passing into France my first emotion was one of somewhat contemptuous wonder how a people contented with such barbarous means of communication could have the courage to fancy itself civilized. While tortured along leagues of rough pavement I still had pity to bestow on the poor people, who, finding the seas of mud at the sides impassable, were walking in the country as in one continuous street, and obliged to turn off for every carriage. The side roads exhibited the appearance of swamps, into which, said a companion, "one is invited to plunge." As I contemplated this total absence of all care for the humble foot-passenger, all the really paternal provisions of Germany recurred to me in full force; I recollected the Duke of Saxe-Weimar's excellent footpaths, adorned at convenient intervals with solid and handsome stone benches, at the side of which stands a broad low post, of the same material, so formed and placed that the wayfarer man may most commodiously deposit his burthen—a beautiful monument which the kind-hearted sovereign leaves, to honour and endear his memory. I thought of the abundant and clear directions of every kind which cover the territory of Bavaria, the excellent roads and comfortable travelling in Prussia and Austria generally; and I smiled at the dream of superiority with which France amuses itself. But in the first town we stopped at, she justified her claim in her own way. There I found again the incomparable creatures I have so often admired—the women of the lower classes of France. Well dressed and well bred, yet more laborious and energetic than the coarsest and dowdiest of German peasants, they appeared to me as beings of another race, combining qualities generally thought incompatible. A woman not at all handsome, but neatly and trimly dressed, and with that general air which pleases and satisfies the eye, helped to unload the diligence, lifted burthens which a man would grumble at in Germany, and no woman would touch in England, took cognizance and charge of everything, gave directions about everything, and all with a quiet alacrity, a ready intelligence, and, above all, a good-will and obligingness, which one sees nowhere else. She replied to my entreaties that she would not lift what I thought too heavy a trunk, with that propriety and grace of manner arising from the nice balance between respect for others and for oneself, for which women of this class in France are so remarkable. Charming and useful creatures! they alone know how to do the most menial offices without injury to their independence and self-respect—the most laborious and rude without prejudice to the *agrémens* of their sex. In Carlsbad women habitually do what we call hod-work for the masons, and do it with unalterable cheerfulness. But what women! all the agreeable pride of sex, all idea of pleasing, is completely obliterated. They are coarse, uncouth drudges. I do not think the existence of such a class as the French women of business is suspected in Germany, where Franzosinn is another name for levity, extravagance, and profligacy; nor is it half understood in England. I must say, however, that I hold the Germans fully excused for any amount of antipathy to the French. A conquering nation must be content to pay this penalty for its mischievous and atrocious triumphs. It will require centuries to make the Prussians, for example, forget what they have themselves seen, heard, and endured. Of this they always remind you, and with reason. Every conquering army misrepresents and dishonours the nation to which it belongs. The French novel writers, too, have done the same good office for their countrymen and women as the English for theirs. It is difficult to persuade the readers of Balzac and Soulié, of Bulwer and Mrs. Gore, that domestic virtues and kindly affections are to be found in France or England. Those who have had such deplorable experience of society are perhaps right to describe it

as they have seen or conceived it. May their pictures have the effect they, no doubt, desire, of correcting the vices they paint. A more pleasing, and perhaps not less useful task would be that of trying to open the eyes and the heart of each nation to the merits of its neighbours, and of showing how the same hand which has covered the surface of the globe with hill and plain, river and lake, field and forest, each of which has its inconvenience, and each its use and its charm—has scattered in like manner moral inequalities, out of which it depends on us to extract a preponderance of good or evil. If one goes about, not like Diogenes with a lantern, but with a pair of scales in one's hand, one will find that Providence is not so partial and unjust as men's self-love would make it.

And now for a weight in the scale of Germany. It is not too much to say that in all matters connected with Art, in the way of viewing Art, in all that is said, written, or done in that field, Germany is immeasurably before England and France. The return to these countries strikes one as a sudden plunge into the barbarism of the 17th and 18th centuries. From the renovation of a Cathedral, to the trumpet of the *retraite*, every thing that has met my eye and ear in France is not only not good, but positively offensive.

This does not apply so much to executive talent, of which there is enough in both countries, nor to the eminent exceptions to be found in London and Paris, but to the general æsthetic feeling, culture and tendencies. When I mentioned Bamberg, I intended to say that any body who contemplates the renovation of a church, is unpardonable if he does not go, or send a *peritus*, to Bamberg Cathedral. There he will see what can be done by men who thoroughly understand the genius of the great architects of the middle ages, and who work under the same influences which inspired those most religious and poetical structures. The restoration of Bamberg Cathedral appears to me, as nearly as may be, perfect. Within a week, with this picture fresh in my mind I entered the Cathedral of St. Omer. It is impossible to describe the contrast. A great deal has been done and is doing there, all in the very worst taste, all inspired by a feeling the reverse of that which preserved and carried out the austere and solemn beauty of Bamberg. One thing was quite new to me. There are statues placed in the upper part of arches, with a light thrown upon them from behind, or from above, so as to produce a sort of dioramic effect. I should not have believed it possible that the most audacious *décorateur* would venture to introduce any thing so thoroughly clap-trap and theatrical into a Gothic cathedral. The statues are new and of a piece with this contrivance. The dissonance produced in one's feelings by such desecrations is painful in the extreme; the more so as no one who believes in the intimate connexion of religion and art, can help falling into reflections of no very satisfactory nature on the state of the one, where the condition of the other is so tawdry and impure.

Not less distressing are the noises made in French churches under the name of chanting (*entonner*) or singing. I think the nerves of the most devout German would be put into a state in which devotion is impossible. In the rudest and humblest German village church I never heard the horrible sounds I have heard in France put forth with some degree of pretension and self-complacency. And we all know the rivalry in bawling to be heard in English churches, and, still more, in meetings.

I must now take my leave of you and of Germany for the present. The slight and hasty sketches I have sent you are little worthy of a theme which would furnish volumes of the most important matter; they were, in fact, mere hasty attempts to arrest the evanescent impressions of the moment. I have not touched on the most interesting and amusing of all topics, society and manners; though the view I have enjoyed of them has been perhaps even wider and more varied than that of cities and lands. One must make one's election, whether one will stand on the outer verge of social and domestic life, as an observer and reporter, or be admitted (if one is so fortunate as to have the opportunity) into its inner and sacred circle as a member and sharer. To attempt to do both, is an abominable act of treachery, though by no means a rare one; luckily, it becomes more and more difficult, in proportion as persons of honour and delicacy

have been dragged into notoriety by strangers. And Germany has homes and hearts, for a place in which it is well worth while to sacrifice all the glories of authorship, even for those who can command them. Unqualified admiration and praise have no value for people of sense and taste, and whatever is to be said in dispraise of the structure and forms of German society, should be said by a native, and not by a foreigner loaded with hospitality and kindness, and little disposed to remember any thing but the qualities which must inspire love, admiration and respect into every mind capable of appreciating them.

ANCIENT NINEVEH.

WE announced, a short time since (*ante*, p. 594), the interesting discoveries lately made, by M. Botta, at Nineveh. A letter has since been received by M. Mohl, which enters more into detail. Other letters may shortly be expected, which we hope to be enabled to lay before our readers. The drawings and descriptions referred to, will appear in the *Journal de la Société Asiatique*.

Mosul, April 5, 1843.

You are aware that I have for some time caused excavations to be made in the neighbourhood of Nineveh, in the hope of discovering there remains of monuments, or inscriptions, which, by multiplying our means of comparison, may enable us to decipher those cuneiform inscriptions, which, as yet, we are not able to read. We were at work a considerable time in the great mound opposite the site of the present village of Ninivah; but as I found nothing there but bricks, and insignificant fragments, I removed my workmen to the neighbouring village of Khorsabad, and they have already sent several bricks with cuneiform inscriptions. My workmen have, indeed, discovered there the remains of a monument, rendered remarkable by the number and character of its inscriptions. I send you, to-day, a summary description of all that I have been enabled, as yet, to disinter (for the whole is buried beneath the mound); and I add some hastily executed drawings, together with a copy of several inscriptions. As I was recalled to Mosul on business, I was only able to remain one day at Khorsabad, and several would have been required to copy all that my labourers had disinterred. I shall return when the works are sufficiently advanced to enable me better to understand the whole of the monument, and shall remain a sufficient time to write a complete description.

The village of Khorsabad, or Khortabad, or Khorsatabad (for the name, which is certainly not Arabian, is pronounced in all these ways), is distant about five hours of caravan journey to the N.E. of Mosul, on the left bank of the little river called the Khoser. It is built on a mound stretching from west to east; the eastern extremity rises into a cone, which is said to be artificial and modern. This information, however, is doubtful, as my informant has a house at the top of it, and probably fears that my excavations may undermine its foundations. The eastern extremity is forked, and on the northern extremity of the bifurcation it is that my workmen have found the very mutilated remains of which I am about to speak.

Beginning at the top of this wall, my workmen immediately discovered the lower portion of two parallel walls, separated by a platform of six metres in width: the extremity of the walls is level with the slope of the mound, which proves that the wall is incomplete on this side: the remains are about two and a half metres long from west to east; they then turn at right angles, but close to each other, leaving between them a space of no more than two metres twenty centimetres, a passage about three metres long, at the extremity of which the walls again turn at right angles, one to the north, the other to the south. We have not continued the excavations northward; but southward we have found that the wall, after proceeding three metres thirty-two centimetres in that direction, turns to the west, running in the direction from which it set out. This will be better illustrated by the plan.

As the mound rises towards the east, the wall acquires height in that direction, and I have been gratified by finding all the surface covered with bas-reliefs, curious inasmuch as they evidently illustrate some historical fact. In describing these, I shall commence with the wall on the north side of the platform, starting from the extremity. Where

the sculptures begin to be distinct, I can make out a warrior, with a coat of mail and a helmet, falling backwards pierced with a lance; behind him are two archers in the same dress, shooting in an opposite direction to that taken by the lance. When the wall returns at right angles towards the south, it is covered with a bas-relief, of which I send a drawing. At the corner is a fortress formed of two towers with battlements, on which are two persons very disproportioned, one raising his hands to heaven, the other hurling a dart. More towards the south are two archers, kneeling, with pointed helmets and coats of mail: the one shoots an arrow in the direction of the fortress; the other raises one arm, and in the other hand holds an instrument, of which I send an exact representation, but the use of which I cannot ascertain. Behind them are two archers standing upright, shooting towards the fortress. These figures are about three feet high, drawn oddly, but wanting neither in nature nor spirit: the whole scene is surmounted by a cuneiform inscription, so dilapidated that I despair of copying it. From what I assume to have been the probable height of the wall, much of the inscription must be wanting. I have copied all I could of the inscription, because a single historical name would explain the bas-reliefs. In the passage, the north wall presents a figure three feet in height, of which I send you a drawing. More eastward are the remains of a colossal figure, which must have been, at the least, eight feet high: the legs are well drawn, and appear to have been covered in front with defensive armour: after this figure the wall turns northward, beyond which we have not excavated.

The wall, south of the platform, presents five figures looking eastward; behind them a figure which has lost its head, but which appears to have had wings. The wall then turns northward, presenting a bas-relief which I have copied, representing a man with a sword in his belt, and holding in his hand a long stick, who appears to be pushing before him a woman holding a purse: in front of these is a woman, holding by the arm a naked child, preceded by a third woman, carrying a leather bottle or bag over her shoulders. It appears to me, that all this side represents prisoners made in the expedition portrayed on the other side. All these figures are three feet high, and surmounted by cuneiform inscriptions, also mutilated.

On the opposite side there are two figures, in different habiliments, one three feet high and complete, the other colossal but mutilated. Southward, on leaving the passage, the wall contains the lower part of four colossal figures, clothed in long robes with fringes delicately sculptured. On the outside of the solid enclosure there are four others more richly dressed.

The platform is paved with flagstones, and on each side is an oblong hollow, four inches deep, semicircular towards the east, square towards the west, of which I cannot divine the use. The passage is paved with one large stone, covered with a cuneiform inscription, of which I subjoin as exact a copy as the numerous fractures in the stone allow of. I shall try to keep all the fragments and join them solidly together. I ought to remark that the characters appear to have been encrusted with copper, if I may judge by some remains, still found. As the monument was evidently incomplete as far as I have described it, I caused a well to be sunk in the direction and a few paces in front of the north wall. I was right: for my workmen discovered at once a wall with two very remarkable colossal figures 8½ feet high, quite complete, having some fractures. The first is a bearded figure marching eastward, and carrying, in his hand, a coffer or cage. Before him is a woman with her hair gathered up into a knot behind her head; her robe has straight sleeves ending at the elbow; it fits close to the figure, is largest towards the bottom, and beautifully plaited like the *soya* of the Spanish ladies. The wrists are adorned with bracelets clasped by two asp's heads, which appear to be biting each other. In one hand she holds a large baton or sceptre, and (what is more remarkable) she wears, in her girdle, a long and large sword with a richly carved handle. These two figures are in good preservation, and I should have drawn them had not my excavation been as yet too narrow to allow of it. The figure of the woman has only three cracks, and as nothing is wanting but the ear, it will be desirable to preserve it. It

is, as far as I know, unique. I should observe, that these figures, although they have been so long underground, still bear evident marks of colouring, both in their robes and hair. The female figure appears to bear the insignia of royalty. I fancied that this was the last figure in this direction, but immediately before her the wall turns at right angles, indicating perhaps the end of the monument, and there we can trace the feet and lower part of the robe of a woman dressed like the one preceding. The upper part is, unfortunately, wanting. The style of these sculptures and the species of vestments resemble those at Persepolis; it seems to me, however, that there is more spirit in the figures and more of anatomical knowledge in the drawing. The muscles of the arms and legs are very well marked, and, in fine, these bas-reliefs bear favourable testimony to the taste and skill of the sculptors.

My description is incomplete, but I shall soon be able to send a more detailed one. I am continuing my excavations, and with the more interest, as I think they are the first which have brought to light monuments of the times when ancient Nineveh was still in its glory. The mound is filled with fragments of sculpture and inscriptions, all of which I have carefully preserved, in the hope of joining them. In this way I have already united some fragments of a colossal statue of a woman richly clothed, with earrings and rings "en kholkhal" on her legs. I have found besides several fragments of sculpture of a black calcareous flintstone, delicately worked, but as yet nothing complete. A hundred paces from the village I have found a kind of altar (if altar it be) with triangular cippus, surmounted by a round platform. The angles are decorated with a lion's paws, well carved, and the whole has an air so Greek that I should have fancied it of Greek origin, did not the periphery of the platform bear a cuneiform inscription, which I have copied. There is no hollow on the top, and nothing to show that it was employed for fire. It may be the base of a column. I am informed that there is another near it, much injured, which I shall visit on my return, hoping that it will aid me to complete what is wanting in the inscription.

It is time that I should speak of the construction of the monument which I have described, which is not the least remarkable thing connected with it, and which is similar to nothing else that I am acquainted with. It is built on an area formed of one row of large bricks bearing inscriptions; below this layer is one of fine sand six inches thick, lying above another layer of bricks strongly cemented with bitumen. This sand is evidently placed there intentionally, for it has been brought from the Tigris, but I know not for what purpose. This is not all: the walls are formed of large, flat tiles of a marble-like gypsum, such as we find near Mossul; between these tiles there are layers of earth, and thus the whole exterior of the masonry is covered with sculptured tiles, while all its interior is filled with argillaceous earth. There is no appearance of this being the result of the decomposition of unbaked bricks, for of this we find no traces; but my workmen tell me that the earth has been mixed with lime, which hardens it, and that this method is still in use in Mossul; it appears, nevertheless, less durable, and contrasts strangely with all we know of these primitive monuments. The pressure of this earth, before the passages were filled, has broken the bas-reliefs in pieces, and as we excavate they would all fall did we not in a measure prop them. These stays, however, will only last while we are working, and the monument will inevitably perish if the French government do not furnish me the means of preserving the more interesting portions.

THE CARTOON EXHIBITION.

It was our pleasant duty last week to commend the manner in which the Commissioners had discharged their onerous duty towards the public and the Cartoon exhibitors. We have now to analyze the intrinsic merits of the collection: a less easy task. Good will and good conscience are alike interested in its fulfilment: yet so many act as if they believed that the two could not work in company, that all strictures and comparisons run a risk of being considered as out-pourings of "prejudice," in place of that friendly sincerity without which there is no true respect.

Under circumstances, many will consider the Ex-

hibition, on the whole, as a subject of congratulation: and it is so, as developing talent hitherto unknown, or obscure and imperfectly known. The disposition courageously to grapple with compositions on a great scale is as manifest as we had anticipated; but greatness is not a question of scale alone, and we should have been startled by the general absence of intellectual power and originality had we not foreknown that in boudoir art and book illustration—hitherto the staple occupation of our artists—the higher faculties are but sparingly demanded. Imperfect draughtsmanship, with which most, even the best, of the designs, are chargeable, did not surprise us, remembering that the hopes, the aspirations, even the dreams, of young English artists, have always hitherto been of colour, and not form. One essential requisite, however, has been more generally overlooked than we had anticipated; there has been a strange forgetfulness among the competitors, that cartoons are designs for frescoes—a very general neglect of the architectonic principle on which they ought to have been composed. The artists seem to have forgotten that a picture to be hung anywhere, and a work of art forming a component part of a building, ought to be designed on principles as distinct as the poem and the lyric for music. Without, for the moment, considering any other qualities, we would observe, that in No. 94, the *Baptism of Ethelbert by the Monk Augustine*, this principle is recognized, and so much dignity thereby acquired, that we are half inclined to ask whether the designer had ever dabbled in architecture? his arches and columns also give costume to the design, another merit more rare here than it ought to have been. The drapery accessories, too, are often anomalous: witness the *Marriage of Henry the Seventh* (No. 127), where a direct authority was ready to the painter's hand in the engraving after Mabuse's picture, published by Walpole. Such inattention to research, we are ashamed to say, is generically English.

But these casual illustrations of essentials overlooked must not detain us longer from the prize cartoons. First, then, of Mr. Armitage's *Invasion of Britain by Cæsar* (No. 64). We will not, because the work is said to have been drawn in the studio of M. Delaroche, therefore consider the prize as a homage to continental art. But to illustrate the general absence of elevated conception, we must advert to the fact, that in its very subject we have a grave mistake. Its import is the degradation, not the exaltation of England. The conquest of England might furnish a noble inspiration to the French academician; but amounts to an objection when the destination of the work is considered. This objection disposed of, there is much to praise in the bold attitudes of the struggling soldiery—much to regret in the absence of those masses in grouping, so essential in battle-pieces for the avoidance of confusion. Indifference to this canon makes even Raffaele's 'Battle of Constantine' an ineffective piece of embroilment, when compared with the 'Battle of the Standard,' where mere groups were taken. It is true we have Cæsar for a rallying point—a striking one, though too melo-dramatic; but the mêlée of men and horses at his feet, requires patience and ingenuity to disentangle: must we say, too, that we searched in vain for any traits of nobility of expression and countenance, any such individuality as alone can redeem a crowd from monotony? The artist, however, is understood to be very young; and has done too much for the credit of himself and his school, not to be credited with much excellence to come. One, and the most valuable result of such an exhibition must be self-correction.

Another of the 300l. prizes (No. 84), *Caractacus led in Triumph through the streets of Rome*, by Mr. Watts, is highly creditable to its exhibitor; but here again we must take exceptions against the subject. A British captive led in triumph to "make a Roman Holiday!"—Would the Delaroches and Delacroix adorn their *Palais de Justice* with Napoleon dying under the eyes of English sentinels! Would Beggus or Bendemann, for the decoration of their German palaces, select some incident from the bitter period of French domination? There was a moment in the history of the Ancient Briton when an artist (No. 88) has done well to select: we mean the chief's appearance before Claudius, when the captive, by his inborn greatness, towered alike superior to his adversary and to his own fate! Here (No. 84) he is but a chained savage,

led in humiliating procession by his victors. Standing before this design, we were struck by the number of claims laid on its several portions by the spectators: the main figure—a nobler breadth of brow admitted—will recall to many the 'Ugolino' of Sir Joshua; while the son of Caractacus, and the woman and child, on his right, have an amiable Raffaelesque grace, and the Trumpeter in the van, is borrowed from Annibal Carracci's 'Triumph of Bacchus' in the Farnese palace, and was probably borrowed for the occasion from A. Mantegna. But these reminiscences show taste and reading, and as such, bind us over to respect and "good construction."

We are now at Mr. Cope's *First Trial by Jury* (105), beyond question, in our estimation, the finest work in the collection. Here we have England fairly exalted: a just, and merciful, and free nation, foreshadowed without prejudice or offence; no foreign nation affronted, no sensitive conscience ruffled. It is with such representations that our chambers of Legislation should be decorated! Perhaps, however, the artist has hardly risen, in execution, to the height of his idea. Greater dignity and expansiveness might have been given to the development of the theme. We feel ourselves, in some measure, in a corner, not in the presence of a whole nation; that we witness a charade proceeding, and not that we assist at the birth of civilization and enlightenment. This is in some measure chargeable on the figure of Alfred. We cannot recognize him as "Alfred the Great." He is not sufficiently exalted in intellectual nobility above the attentive twelve who take part in the ceremony, or the two who hold the half-dogged, half-terrified ruffian in close and masterful thrall. Strange that one so often portrayed should want a portrait still! But the composition is clever; simple, yet displaying sufficient art to denote care and reverence on the part of the designer. There is feeling, too, and contrast in the central group: the importunate eloquence of the boy-witness, with outspread arm, telling all the more forcibly, from his close neighbourhood to the cold and stark body of the victim. We have always had good hope of Mr. Cope, from his determined avoidance of mannerism, and his choosing a range of subject, varying from the most contemplative passage of Scripture to the homeliest incident of practical life. In this clever work he does much to justify expectation, by promising yet better things to come.

Taking the prizes according to the order in the Catalogue, Mr. J. C. Horsley's *St. Augustine preaching to Ethelbert and Bertha* (100) is next to be mentioned, and with admiration, were it only for the good effect of *chiaroscuro* it contains. But we find in it a greater inequality than in any other of the prize designs. Truth and delicacy of sentiment are counterbalanced by feeble or careless drawing. The countenances of the listening group—that of the Queen excepted, which wants animation—bear testimony to the efficacy of the Holy Father's message; but strip the monarch of his purple, and we fear that but a distorted anatomy would be disclosed, while the two maidens, on his right hand, have a clumsiness of form too clownish for such a presence. The arms and hands of St. Augustine, too, want revision: his head is better, though the contours of the features verge upon a needless heaviness; and between the ensign bearer of "peace and goodwill" and the auditors, there is too large a space to let. So largely, however, do the merits preponderate in this composition, that we prefer it to the neighbouring *St. Augustine* (No. 98), which at a more Lenten show might have carried off the prize. From No. 100 it is but a short step to No. 103, *Alfred in the Danish Camp*. This, though not a prize picture, has merit: the monarch's figure, to be sure, is a failure; he torments his harp with as wrathful a scowl, as knotted an arm, and as spasmodically-contracted a hand, as if it were a weapon of vengeance and self-defence, and not an instrument of guile,—as if these staring evidences of emotion were not so many signs by which the disguised chief must have been revealed to his enemies. But the other parts are better; especially the group between the English prince and the Danish king. These have spirit and character superior to anything we find in the neighbouring cartoon,—*Alfred submitting his Code of Laws to the approval of the Witan* (104), by Mr. Bridges,—to which, nevertheless, a prize has been awarded.

We may here interrupt the thread of orderly narration to state, that there are one or two purely fanciful subjects, which are more satisfactory to us, than any of the foregoing works of imagination, Mr. Cope's excepted. Milton and Shakespeare and Spenser have been largely laid under contribution, and the former has given occasion to more illustrations of 'Comus,' Adam and Eve, Satan, and 'Samson Agonistes' than we care to particularize. One, *Lady in the Enchanted Chair* (60), however, must not be passed over, for its prettiness, not to say, grace; the Cupid peeping out from under the burly limbs of the prostrated bacchanal in the foreground, is a charming and naïf touch of poetry, though not Miltonic. Hard by, and still in the foreground, is a nymph-profile, so lovely, and so closely resembling some of Howard's heads in the 'Rape of Hylas,' as to make us attribute this design to his crayon, till warned that we might be mistaken by other portions of the drawing. In its sterner and coarser way, the neighbouring *Samson Agonistes* (61) has also merit. No. 51, the group of

— daughters three,
That sing about the golden tree,
has also found its admirers: though not in us. These are Graces who were but an hour ago unlaced from the trappings of the milliner.—conscious of their nakedness, and uneasily rejoicing in their deliverance: not the divine maidens hymned by the poet. Shakespeare has hardly fared so well as Milton. We looked long and wistfully at the *Death of King Lear* (26), when we were told it was the work of the clever young painter of the Plague-prophet in the Royal Academy. But the idea of that picture has clung to the artist, like the gift of Dejanira. The

— foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore and upwards,
is worn by disease, rather than by "grief of heart." The corpse of Cordelia might have been flung down in answer to that ghastly cry, "*Bring out your dead!*" it is so emaciated that not even Dotage could conceive such a picture of mortality might haply live! Plague-stricken, too, is the youth at her side: but the kneeling girl's figure has a redeeming pathos, and the three shrouded mourners, who are departing, to the left of the picture, are good. There are other Lears, to say nothing of a Falstaff, of a Macbeth, &c. &c. whereof Civility forbid that we should speak.

But the happiest fancy-piece, and, indeed, possibly the most perfect Cartoon in the Exhibition, is Mr. Frost's vision from Spenser, *Una and Satyr* (10), the first of the third-class prizes. Against this work we have but one word to object. Fear, we know, is unlovely: but still, with all the terror in her countenance, so well borne out by her shrinking attitude, the chaste and holy virgin should have been more lovable and beautiful, according to our wish. The designer has been more at home among the "salvage nation," to whose coarse gambols he has given a spirit and a force worthy of some better renowned mythological painter; the drawing too is on the whole good, and is severely tested by the foreshortenings and muscular developments of some of the prominent figures. But enough for one week; five of the prizes, and a host of other designs, good, bad, and indifferent, being reserved for another day.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

H.R.H. Prince Albert has consented to become the patron of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, which Society already enjoys the patronage of Her Majesty.

Mr. Burford's New Panorama is a view of Coblenz—one of the best he has painted: like as life, and, of course, superlatively attractive. Where, indeed, could a scene more animated be found, than is made up by the picturesque town, and the entrance of the tributary Moselle; the Broad Stone of Honour, and the opening of the gorge towards Boppard? The picture, too, is excellently finished, and with a depth and brilliancy of tone hardly attained in former works.

Our attention has been directed to an announcement in the *Standard*, from which we learn that a step has at length been taken in the only effectual direction for the suppression of that one of the chivalric institutions which has haunted the field of modern society with most pertinacity and least ar-

gument;—a rude, barbaric figure, stripped by centuries of all the costumes and accessories which made it picturesque, or gracious, or valuable, and looking monstrous amid the lights and forms of advanced civilization. An Association has been got up for the extermination of Duelling—composed of members influential in the precise classes within which, and for whose benefit, the murderous nuisance was supposed more especially to act. It consists of 326 members, of whom 34 are noblemen and their sons, 15 are baronets, and 16 members of the Lower House. What is more important still, the Army and Navy, hitherto the head-quarters of the conventionalism, furnish a large contingent to this demonstration. In its ranks are 30 admirals and generals, 23 colonels and lieutenant-colonels, 44 captains and 24 lieutenants in the Navy; and of the Army, 17 majors and 26 captains. The Bar furnishes a detachment of 24; and the Association denounces the unmeaning modern "wager of battle" as sinful, irrational, and contrary to the laws of God and man; and pledges itself to discountenance the same by its example and all its influence. An institution, attacked by every other species of argument, and sustained against them all only by opinion, was to be successfully assailed by opinion alone; and this measure at once knocks away the sole stay which held up the ugly figure against the pressure of modern sense and modern arrangements.

The papers mention, that a sum of money has been received from India to defray the expenses of erecting a monument over the grave of Rajah Ram-mohun Roy, who died some years since at Bristol, and whose remains are now deposited in the cemetery near that city. It is to be in the Hindoo style of architecture.

The works of Alfieri have been recently prohibited by the censorship of Palermo; and the consent, which had been reluctantly given, for the printing of Thiers' History of the French Revolution, has been withdrawn.

The King of the French has presented to the city of Bruges casts from the finest marbles in the Museum of the Louvre, in acknowledgment of his Majesty's satisfaction at being allowed to take casts of the celebrated mantel-piece by Franc, and of the tombs of Charles the Bold and Mary of Burgundy, in that city.

A new specialty in periodical literature has been projected, in France, by M. Moreau Christophe, Inspector General of Prisons, under the title of the *Revue Penitenciaire*, having as its objects of publication a critical exposition of doctrines, a digested analysis of facts, and the text of official documents relating to the science and discipline of prisons. It is the further intention of the projectors of this Review, to form themselves into a society, to be called "The Howard and Saint Vincent Association," for the purpose of collecting a fund to be appropriated to the composition or purchase of works proper for the reading of the prisoners and the poor. A volume is also announced by M. Capefigue, entitled *Les Diplomates Européens*, and containing notices of Metternich, Pozzo di Borgo, Talleyrand, Pasquier, Wellington, Richelieu, Hardenberg, Nesselrode and Castlereagh.

M. Etex has been commissioned, by the Minister of the Interior, to execute a marble monument to the memory of Vauban, for the Church of the Invalides, where it is to form a pendant to the tomb of Turenne.—An equestrian colossal statue has been erected at Casale, in honour of the present King of Sardinia. It was modelled by the sculptor Sangiorgio, and cast by Viscardi, of Milan.—The Grand Duke of Tuscany has also recently erected a remarkable monument, under the name of *The Tribune of Galileo*, in the Palace of the University of Florence. The following is an abridged description:—Four pilasters and two arcades divide this tribune into three parts. The entrance portion, or vestibule, and the middle one are square; the last is semi-circular, and contains the statue of the philosopher. The figure is clothed in a long robe, the folds of which are sustained in its left hand, while the right rests on a cippus, that supports a globe, and figures representing Natural Philosophy and Astronomy. Four busts are ranged on either hand, within the hemicycle—those of Galileo's bosom friend, the Benedictine Castelli, and his favourite disciples, Cavalieri, Torricelli, and Viviani. Right

and left, in glass cases, are the instruments and apparatus with which his discoveries were made:—the principal of these—the Satellites of Jupiter, the Phases of Venus, Saturn's Ring, the Spots in the Sun, and the Mountains in the Moon,—are figured in gold, on a blue ground, in an arcade of the vault. Philosophy and Astronomy are painted in the second vault. The allegorical figures of Nature, Truth, Natural Philosophy, and Perseverance, are in the first. On the walls are seven fresco paintings, representing the principal points in the history of Galileo.

We must report, though but in a line, the dinner given to M. Spohr by his professional brethren on Tuesday, and the Purcell Commemoration held in Westminster Abbey on Thursday morning. The musical season is coming spiritedly to its close. The news from abroad is but unimportant; 'L'Italiana in Algeri,' by Rossini, is to be versionized for the Grand Opera of Paris—a foolish measure, brought about, we presume, by Madame Stolz, to find occupation for her *mezzo soprano* voice. A new tenor, M. Mengis, is also to be tried there in the autumn: and there is more than a chance of Mlle. Fanny Elssler dancing her peace with the management. Much, indeed, is new attraction needed at that theatre. A festival is to be held, about this time, at Zurich, with three thousand voices; and Lady Bishop is shortly to try her fortune on the stage of San Carlo, at Naples.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.
THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN.
Admission (from 8 o'clock till 7), 1s. Catalogue, 1s.
HENRY HOWARD, R.A., Sec.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL MALL.
The Gallery is OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening, with one Room containing the Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the next those of Ancient Masters, and the third with those of Deceased British Artists.—Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

Will shortly Close.
THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—
THE TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Society is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 53, PAUL MALL, next the British Institution, from 9 o'clock daily. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

Will be Closed in a few Days.
EXHIBITION OF SIR GEORGE HAYTER'S GREAT PICTURE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, painted on 170 square feet of canvas, and containing portraits of all the Members of Parliament, also a portrait of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and various other works, forming a collection of more than 800 portraits of eminent personages of the present day. Open from 10 till dusk. At the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—Admission, 1s.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.
JUST OPENED, with a NEW EXHIBITION, representing the CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME at Paris, with effects of Sunset and Moonlight, painted by M. REKORX, and the BASILICA OF ST. PAUL, near Rome, before and after its destruction by Fire, painted by M. BOYTON. Open from Ten till Five.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.—ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—A LECTURE on this subject, illustrated by MODELS of several kinds, which elevate themselves by MECHANICAL FORCE alone, is delivered at Two o'clock daily, and on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings, at Eight o'clock, in addition to the POPULAR LECTURES usually delivered. The Exhibition of the COLOSSAL ELECTRICAL MACHINE, the DIVER, DIVING BELL, NEW DISSOLVING VIEWS, and the other varied and instructive Objects of the Institution, continues as usual. The original CLAYON DRAWINGS, from the CARTOONS at HAMPTON COURT, by the late Mr. Holway, with numerous other WORKS OF ART, have recently been placed in the Gallery. Admission, One Shilling. Schools, Half-price. Open Mornings and Evenings, except Saturday Evenings.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—June 7.—Mr. Warburton, President, in the chair.

1. 'On Ichthyopontolites, or Petrified Trackways of Ambulatory Fishes upon Sandstone of the Coal Formation,' by the Rev. Dr. Buckland.—In September, 1842, Dr. Buckland received from Miss Potts, of Chester, a sketch of impressions resembling a succession of scratches by long claws, copied from a flag-stone discovered by that lady near the shaft of a coal-pit, at Mostyn, in Flintshire. She afterwards forwarded the slab itself; from an examination of which, Dr. Buckland comes to the conclusion, that the impressions are not foot-marks of a reptile, but made by the ambulatory organs, or bony rays, of the fin of some unknown species of walking fish. They consist of curvilinear scratches, disposed symmetrically at regular intervals, on each side of a level space about two inches wide, which may represent the breadth of the body of the fish, to the pectoral fin-rays of which Dr. Buckland attributes the scratches. They follow one another in nearly equidistant rows of three scratches in a row, at intervals of about two inches from the point of each individual scratch to the points of those next succeeding and

preceding it. They are all slightly convex outwards, three on each side of the supposed place of the fish's body. Each external scratch is about an inch and a half in length, the inner ones about half an inch, and the middle scratch about one inch long. These proportions are pretty nearly constant throughout a series of eight successive rows of triple impressions on the slab from the Mostyn coal-pit. The impressions of the right and left fin-rays are not quite symmetrically opposed to each other on a straight line of progression, but the path of the animal appears to have been curvilinear, or trending towards the right. Each impression, or scratch, is deepest in its supposed frontal side, and becomes more shallow gradually backwards. Dr. Buckland enumerates several instances of such a mode of progression among existing fishes, and points out the great analogy between these fossil impressions and those which the gunard makes when walking on sand under water, as observed by Professor Deslongchamps.

2. A letter was read from Mr. W. C. Trevelyan, giving an account of polished and scratched surfaces of rocks observed by him in Greece, on the way from Megara to Corinth, and resembling the surfaces seen in the Jura, attributed to the action of glacial phenomena. In this case, however, he considers the fact observed as the effect of an earthquake. The appearance of moraines, which he saw in the gorge of Mount Parnassus, he refers to storms bringing down masses of rocks, rubbish, and trees.

3. 'Observations on certain Fossiliferous Beds in Southern India,' by Mr. C. T. Kaye.—The beds made known by Mr. Kaye, occupy positions at some distance from each other, and are found in three localities: first, near Pondicherry; secondly, near Trincomopoly; and, thirdly, near Verduchellum. Although the streets of Pondicherry are paved with limestone, the strata from which the material is derived have hitherto been unnoticed. The town itself is situated, like Madras, on a recent sandy formation, extending inland, in places ten miles, and containing shells of species now inhabiting the Indian Ocean in such abundance that they are dug up and used for lime. Immediately behind the town these sandy beds rest on low hills of red sandstone, in which no marine remains occur. In certain localities it contains fossil trees, often of vast size, even to the length of nearly 100 feet, all apparently *conifera*, and having their wood silicified, and presenting no traces of marine action. Beyond the hills of sandstone, is a bed of limestone, and beyond it the sandstone again, bounded, at a distance of about sixteen miles from the sea, by hills of black granite. The nature of the country affording no sections, the relation of the limestone to the sandstone is still a desideratum. The former occupies an area of not more than three or four miles, and abounds in most beautiful and interesting marine fossils, most of which appear to be new. *Baculites*, *Hamites*, *Nautili*, and *Ammonites*, are abundant in the finest preservation, and associated with numerous bivalves and univalves, including several species of *Voluta*, *Pyrala*, and a *Cyprea*. Wood is also found, but calcareous, and bored by the *Teredo*. About 30 miles from Trincomopoly, 100 from Pondicherry, and 60 from the sea, is another bed of fossiliferous limestone. Among the numerous fossils procured by the author from this bed, very few agreed with those from Pondicherry; some resembled tertiary fossils, and others green-sand species: only one fragment of an ammonite occurred. At Verduchellum, in Southern Arcot, about 40 miles from the coast and 50 from Pondicherry, a third bed of fossiliferous limestone occurs, to which the author's attention was directed by Lieutenant Newbold. It is situated amid a district of red sandstone, resembling that at Pondicherry. It contained no *Baculites* or *Hamites*, but several *Ammonites*, and numerous bivalves and univalves, several of which were identical with those from Trincomopoly, but none were of the species found at Pondicherry. Among them were some lower green-sand forms. The author concludes by pointing out the remarkable association in these beds of truly cretaceous forms with numerous species belonging to genera usually considered as characteristic of the tertiary era.

4. 'An Account of a Section of the Strata between the Chalk and the Weald Clay in the vicinity of Hythe,' by F. W. Simms.—In order to ascertain the relations and succession of the strata in the

neighbourhood of Hythe, the author instituted a number of borings, the details of which were fully given in this paper. The better to investigate the beds of the lower green sand in this locality, he sunk a shaft in the quarry above and to the north of Hythe Church, of the dimensions of five feet by four, to the depth of seventy-three feet; so that the strata could be accurately examined and measured, and the fossils of the several beds collected. By this means he discovered beds which were not previously known to have existed in this locality, consisting principally of laminated clay, greasy to the feel, and having some of the properties of fuller's earth. The succession of beds in Mr. Simms's section, is the following, enumerating them in descending order, from the bottom of Evenden's quarry, where the shaft was sunk, there being forty-eight feet of calcareous rock above. Six feet of sand, containing few fossils, and in one bed some fossil wood, are succeeded by eight feet of calcareous rocks and interstratified sands, containing the same fossils with the calcareous rock above. Next we meet with twenty-five feet of grey sandy clay, with characteristic fossils, succeeded by variously coloured beds, to a depth of fifty-three feet, resting on a greenish-brown bed, which is separated from the wealden by a layer of very fine white sand, one inch in thickness. The wealden occurs at a depth of sixty-three and a half feet. Mr. Simms's observations show that the upper green sand is wanting in the neighbourhood of Hythe, that the gale is 126 feet thick there, and the lower green sand 70 feet in its upper bed, 158½ in the middle, and 178½ in the lower. The dip of the strata in the line of section is due north 1° 19'. Among the fossils procured by Mr. Simms, during his investigation, was a remarkable resin, the properties of which were examined by Mr. Edward Solly, and an account of which accompanied the paper.

5. 'Comparative Remarks on the Lower Green Sand of Kent and of the Isle of Wight,' by Dr. Fitton. The author having examined the results of Mr. Simms's operations, described in the preceding paper, here compares the sections of the Lower Green Sand at Hythe, and on the S. W. of Maidstone, from information given to him by Mr. Benstead, of the latter place. In sinking a well at Barming Heath, in 1837, this gentleman found the whole thickness of the quarry stone (Kentish rag) and intermediate "Hascock," to be 130 feet:—beneath were 10 feet of dark green sand, containing marine fossils; and finally about 30 feet of clay, which was known to be different from that of the Wealden. Water having been obtained, at the depth last mentioned, the sinking was discontinued. The sections, therefore, at Hythe, and near Maidstone, agree in presenting a considerable thickness of marine clay beneath the Kentish rag:—of this resemblance is confirmed by the fact, that a bank of distinct blue clay crops out between the quarry stone and the weald clay, near Watlington, on the south of Maidstone.

The section at Atherfield, on the coast of the Isle of Wight, has the advantage of exhibiting an uninterrupted view of the whole series of strata between the chalk and the wealden, which are seen to be perfectly conformable throughout: and both the fossils and the mineral compositions of the beds sunk through in Mr. Simms's shaft, very closely resemble those of the lowest beds near Atherfield; the principal difference being the occurrence at the latter place of the bed of stone, about three feet thick, near the bottom, which abounds as remarkably in fossils. On the other hand, the calcareous strata of Kentish quarries, from Hythe to Maidstone, do not appear in Atherfield; where they are represented only by detached concretionary masses—and the author calls attention to the sudden decrease of calcareous matter, in receding from what may be called the ventral region of this limestone—whether inland through Surrey and Hampshire, or westward by the coast of Sussex, to the Isle of Wight and Dorsetshire, which is the more deserving of notice, as the total thickness of the lower greensand in Kent (about 400 feet), cannot much exceed that of the Isle of Wight.

The author explains the stratigraphical principles of his division of the subcretaceous series proposed in 1824 and 1826, which, he thinks, Mr. Simms's results confirm: and the only remaining question is, whether the marine clay, discovered by Mr. Austen in Surrey,—that of Atherfield—and that now brought to light at Hythe—which seems to be continuous—is to be

regarded as an additional member of the lower green sand, or to be detached from the subdivisions of that deposit—a question which can be determined only by a full comparison of the fossils of the lower subcretaceous strata; the number of which has been very much increased by recent accessions in England.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.—June 24.—The Earl of Auckland in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. Bland, containing a notice of the 'Atish Kedeh,' a biographical work on Persian poets, by Hajji Lutf Ali Beg, of Isfahan. After noticing the interest which attaches to the poetic literature of Persia, and the importance of works relating to the biography of their poets, Mr. Bland named a few of the most valuable of those which existed previously on that subject, enumerating the 'Baharistan' of Jami, the 'Tezkerrat al Shuara' of Dowlatshah of Samarcand, and the 'Tuhfat Sami' of Sam Mirza, a son of Shah Ismail the First. Over all these works he gives a decided preference to the 'Atish Kedeh,' as containing more copious details, a larger selection in its anthology, and a far greater number of lives, than the whole of those set forth in the other biographies. It has also the advantage of bringing the history of literature down to a very late date—the year 1770, thus including a period of 200 years subsequent to the biographical works which preceded it. It is divided into two parts, the ancient and the more modern poets. The first part is further subdivided into four books, of which the first contains such poets as have been emperors, kings, princes, &c., chiefly of foreign birth, and the other three parts comprise respectively the great geographical divisions of Iran, Turan, and Hind. A short chapter is devoted also to some ladies, who have distinguished themselves by their talent for poetry. The second division, containing those poets who were contemporary with the author, is of importance, and gives the lives of writers which would otherwise have been lost to posterity. The whole number of biographical notices amounts to 842; and the quotations from their poems, as specimens of their style, are abundant. The sketch the author gives of his own life, represents him to have been born at Isfahan, in the year 1134 of the Hijra (or Flight of Mohammed) A.D. 1721, and to have studied under various learned men, but in particular to have attached himself to poetry and the society of poets. He gives a large selection from his own works, including a whole poem on the story of Joseph and Zulaikha, the critical examination of which is reserved for a separate notice. In the analysis, which formed the subject of his memoir, Mr. Bland included many details which were omitted in reading, the object seeming to have been to call the attention of Orientalists to a work which has been hitherto very slightly noticed, but which may be considered as the most valuable and important which we possess on Persian literature. The manuscripts of the 'Atish Kedeh' appear to be confined to a very small number, two being in Mr. Bland's possession, two in the collection of Sir Gore Ouseley, two in the East India House Library, and one in the British Museum. The only copy known on the Continent is in St. Petersburg.

The reading of the paper having been concluded, the Right Hon. President expressed the satisfaction with which he had accepted the office of President, and declared his desire and intention to afford all the assistance and support in his power to promote the utility and welfare of the Society.—Adjourned till November.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—June 26.—The Rev. G. C. Renouard in the chair.—Resumed and concluded the reading of Mr. Falconer's notes of his journey in Texas, &c. The traveller left Galveston for Houston on the 12th of March, 1841, in a steamer drawing three and a half feet water, and grounded on Red Fish Bar, owing to hard winds having blown the water out of the Bay. He arrived on the 14th at Houston, which town is described, and said to be much more healthy than formerly. From Houston Mr. Falconer proceeded by Richmond, and across the Colorado, to Victoria, thence to Gobiad, on the Rio San Antonio, and from Gobiad to San Antonio de Bexar. To the westward of Houston the soil is described as fertile, and in the prairies large herds of deer were seen. Richmond is a thriving little place; and Victoria may become an important place for trade when the raft which obstructs the navigation of

the river shall be cleared away. Gobiad was utterly destroyed in 1836, and Victoria cannot be considered healthy. San Antonio de Bexar, which is a town laid out with some regularity, is minutely described in the paper. Between this place and the Rio Grande there are no settlements: the route between these two points passes over the Neceus River and its tributaries. On the west of Texas there is abundance of fine oaks, as also cotton, pecan, and sycamore trees, and fine pastures. Having returned from the Rio Grande to San Antonio, Mr. Falconer proceeded thence to Austin, crossing the Cibolo, the Guadalupe, the San Marcos, and other streams. The country between the two places is what is termed prairie, only a small portion of it presenting that undulated form which gives rise to the name "rolling prairie." The finest land is between the Guadalupe and the San Marcos, and between this and the Rio Blanco is a rich and heavily-timbered bottom. At Austin, which is next described, Mr. Falconer was invited to accompany an expedition, represented to be undertaken for mercantile objects, to Santa Fé; it was accompanied by a military force of about 270 men, for the protection of the merchandise—a common precaution in crossing a hostile Indian country. They left Austin on the 17th of July, and proceeded northward till the 27th. During the early part of the journey the herds of cattle met with were so great, that the traveller says their numbers could hardly be exaggerated. Having passed several streams, they came, on the 11th, in sight of the flat table mountain improperly called Comanche Peak. On the 13th the Brazos River was crossed. On the 21st they got into a thickly-wooded country, which they had difficulty in passing. On the 27th, in latitude 33° 35', and longitude 97° 44', they turned westward, and on the 4th of August came to a large river of very red-coloured water, and a pretty Indian village. On the 8th, 9th, and 10th, they had great difficulty in getting through gullies and ravines. Thinking themselves on the Red River, and nearer to Santa Fé than they really were, they got guides, and went more southward. On the 17th, 18th, and 19th, they were compelled to stop near a fine spring, bursting out of the ground, but the waters of which, shortly after exposure to the sun, became nauseous and bitter. Mr. Falconer was one of the very few whom this water did not affect; but sickness and diarrhoea were almost universal. On the 21st they were glad to move forward; the rations were reduced to half a pound of poor meat; salt, vinegar, sugar and coffee were exhausted, and they had no flour. Since July 27, they estimated they had travelled 270 miles. Their present position was in 34° 20' latitude, and 101° 25' longitude. Proceeding in a N.W. course, crossing several streams, and country of different aspects, generally either barren or prairie-like, they came on the 4th of September, to the Quintafue, a branch of the Palo Duro, a tributary of the Red River. After about seventy miles more, the party divided, and ninety men were sent on to make their way to San Miguel, and to send back guides and provisions to those halting, who were several times attacked by the Indians, and lost fourteen of their company. The guides having arrived, they resumed their march, seventy of the party being obliged to walk, in consequence of eighty-three horses having been stolen on a former day. On the 4th of October, being on the high land which separates the streams running to the Red River from those running into the Puerco, they were stopped by a body of Mexicans, and compelled to capitulate. On the morning of the 8th they reached the camp of General Armijo, on the Rio Galenas. They afterwards crossed the Puerco, and arrived at San Miguel, a town of about 2,000 inhabitants. Here they were joined by some of the party that had separated from them at the end of August. Mr. Kendal, who was of the number, had been made prisoner, and roughly treated. At San Miguel, three of the men who had left the main body on the 11th of August, were brought out into the public square and shot. On the 17th they left San Miguel, and proceeded westward to the Rio Grande, along the eastern bank of which they descended to Pres del Paso del Norte, whence they crossed over, and came down to Chihuahua.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.—June 9.—F. Baily, Esq., President, in the chair.—E. T. Carver, Esq., was

elected a Fellow. The following communications were read:—

'On a Self-acting Circular Dividing Engine,' by W. Simms, Esq.—The engine, in general arrangement and construction, is similar to that made by Mr. E. Troughton, though there are several additions and peculiarities, which are pointed out. The circle or engine-plate is of gun-metal, forty-six inches in diameter, and was cast in one entire piece, teeth being ratched upon its edge. The centre of the engine-plate is so arranged that it can be entered by the axis of the instrument to be divided, and the work by this means brought down to bear upon the surface of the engine-plate, which arrangement prevents the necessity of separating the part intended to receive the divisions from its axis, &c.—a process both troublesome and dangerous. Upon the surface, and not far from the edge of the engine-plate, are two sets of divisions to spaces of five minutes, one set being in silver and the other strongly cut upon the gun-metal face. There are also as many teeth upon the edge as there are divisions upon the face of the engine-plate, namely, 4,320, and consequently one revolution of the endless screw moves through a space of five minutes. The silver ring was divided according to Troughton's method, with some slight variations. In this operation it seemed to the author the safer course to divide the circle completely, and then to use a single cutter for ratching the edge; and he believes that the teeth upon the edge have been cut as truly as the original divisions themselves. Another important arrangement is, that the engine is self-acting and requires no personal exertion or superintendence, nothing being necessary but the winding up of the machine, or rather the raising of a weight which, by its descent, communicates motion to the dividing engine. The machinery is so arranged that it can be used or dispensed with at pleasure, there being some cases in which a superintending hand is desirable. The author then proceeds with a description of the machinery, as represented in the drawings accompanying his paper, and draws attention to the contrivance by which the engine can discharge itself from action when it has completed its work. He concluded by observing that the machinery is simple, by no means expensive, can be made by an ordinary workman, is adapted to all the engines now in existence, which are moved by an endless screw, lessens the labour of the artist and increases the accuracy of the graduated instrument.

'Recomputation of Roy's Triangulation for connecting the Observatories of Greenwich and Paris,' by W. Galbraith, Esq.

Communications concerning the Great Comet of 1843.—Notes on its Appearance made during a Voyage from the Cape of Good Hope to England, by Commander Close.—A Letter from J. Belam, Esq., Master of H.M. Sloop Albatross.—Observations of the Comet by Mr. S. C. Walker and Professor Kendall, at the Observatory of the High School at Philadelphia.—Notes on the Comet, accompanied by a Pencil Sketch, by Capt. Hopkins, on a voyage from the Cape of Good Hope.—Extract of a Letter, dated St. Kitt's, 6th of March, from Lieut. Tyler, R.E.—Letter from J. T. Austin, Esq., dated Funchal, April 8, accompanying a sketch of the Comet.—Notes on the Comet as seen by M. Montojo, at San Fernando.—An Account of the Comet as seen on board the ship Childe Harold on her voyage from Bombay to London, by Lieut. Jacob, R.E.—Letter from T. Forster, Esq., dated Bruges, April 22.—An Account of the Comet as seen on board the ship Malabar on her passage from the Cape of Good Hope, by R. Pollock, Esq.—Letter from H. A. Cowper, Esq., H.M. Consul at Pernambuco in Brazil, dated 9th March.—Observations made at the Royal Observatory, Cape of Good Hope, by P. Smyth, Esq.—Abstract, by the Secretary, of Newspaper Accounts of the Comet which have been forwarded to the Society.—Observations of the Comet made at the Observatory of Trevandrum, accompanied by a Drawing, by J. Caldecott, Esq.—Letter from Prof. Kendall, containing Observations of the Comet made at Philadelphia.—Observations of Distance of the Comet from known stars, made at Demerara by Capt. Geale, Lieut. Glascock, R.N., and J. Donald, Esq.—Some Account of the Comet in a Letter from J. Gimblett, Esq.—Extract of a Letter from Lieut. Col. Harvey, dated Poonah, March 13.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.—June 20.—E. Forster, Esq., in the chair.—R. Brown, Esq., E. Forster, Esq., Sir W. J. Hooker, and Dr. Horsfield, were nominated Vice-Presidents. A list of the names of Fellows was read over, whom the Council proposed should be expelled for non-payment of arrears. A paper was read from Mr. Sutter, of New South Wales, 'On the Forest Trees of Australia.' The author described most of the trees according to their colonial names, and gave some details of the economical and medical uses to which they were applied. The *Eucalyptus Mammifera*, is called Manna tree by the colonists, and yields a saccharine secretion, closely resembling manna. The colonists use this secretion for the same purposes as sugar, and it is said, also, to have the same medical properties as manna. An account was also given of various trees known by the name of stringy barks, and of the mahogany and cedar trees of the colonists. These trees belong to very different families from those known by the name of mahogany and cedar in Europe, but there is a resemblance in the character of their woods, and they are applied to the same purposes. Mr. Varley exhibited a new microscope with an improved stage phial-holder, and graphic eye-piece.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—June 22.—Earl Stanhope in the chair.—A paper 'On the *Dictamnus creticus*,' by Mr. Bennett, was read. A sketch of the botanical labours of Mutis, the botanist of New Granada, was read; as also a paper on Quinia, translated by Colonel Wright.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—June 27.—The President in the chair.—Mr. Jones was elected an Associate.—A model and drawing of a 'Lock-meter,' used in Lombardy for measuring the water used for irrigation, were presented and described by Mr. Albano.

Papers 'On the present state of the Streets of the Metropolis,' by C. Cochrane, and 'On the relative merits of Granite and Wood Pavements and Macadamized Roads,' by D. T. Hope, were read.

A paper by Professor Faraday described the inconveniences resulting from the want of ventilation in the lanterns of lighthouses, such as the water and carbonic acid produced by the combustion of the oil of the lamps: the former of which is condensed on the windows, rendering them dim, and obscuring the light; and the latter, by deteriorating the air, renders it nearly impossible for the light keepers to attend to their duties. The exposed situations in which lighthouses are placed, render the ordinary mode of ventilation, by a free admission and exit of the air, quite inapplicable. The attention of Professor Faraday was therefore directed, by the Trinity House, to the subject, and after many experiments he succeeded in making an arrangement, which was described, and which is now ordered to be applied to all their central lights, and first to the revolving lights of the Tynemouth lighthouse. The central lamp of a lighthouse has frequently a wick of 3½ inches diameter; and as 1 lb. of oil, in burning, produces about 1.06 lb. of water, and 2.86 lb. of carbonic acid, the means of escape of these noxious products require to be very ample. A copper tube, or chimney, of 4 inches diameter, divided in its length into three or four parts, and having the lower end of each part opened in the form of a cone, of 5½ inches diameter, is placed over each lamp, so that the chimney enters about half an inch into the cone, leaving an air space all round; at each joining the same is repeated for all the tubes, and they are attached into each other by three pins; the upper end of the tube is then carried into the cowl, on the top of the lantern. With this arrangement, the action of the tube is to carry up all the products of combustion into the cowl, and so to the outside. None passes out at the cone apertures into the lantern, which is thus entirely ventilated. If, as frequently happens in storms, the wind gathers in the cowl, and finds its way down the tube, it escapes laterally by the cone apertures, and thus it is found, that the lights are never affected even by violent gusts of wind. The tube, in fact, forms a ventilating flue, which, as regards the lamp, can carry everything up, but nothing down. With revolving lights there was more difficulty, but it was overcome by an arrangement for bringing the branch tubes into one main conduit, which was attached to the revolving frame; tubes of 7 inch in diameter, are used for these smaller

lamps, and their ends are inserted about ½ inch within the chimneys of the lamps; they are found sufficient for the purpose, and admit of an adjustment as to height, which prevents their acting prejudicially upon the lamps by causing the too rapid consumption of the oil, or the charring of the wicks.

A paper was read 'On the Density and Pressure of Steam,' by W. Pole.—After stating the method of application of the laws of Mariotte and Dalton, to determine the relation between the elasticity and volume of steam, and the difficulties which have given rise to the use of empirical formulae, the paper proceeded to enumerate those of Navier and De Pambour, and to propose another rule applicable to a case not provided for by either, viz. for engines working with high pressure steam expansively. Tables were given, comparing the results of the new formula with the others. The Society then adjourned to the second Tuesday in January 1844.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.—June 21.—R. H. Solly, Esq., in the chair.—A paper from W. Addison, Esq., 'On the Colourless Corpuscles of the Blood, the Buffy Coat, and Inflammatory Diseases,' was read. The Society adjourned until the 18th of October.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.
 Mox. Institute of British Architects, 8, P.M.—An attempt to answer the question, "Are synchronism and uniformity of style essential to beauty and propriety in Architecture?" being the essay by Mr. Chamberlain, to which the medal of the Institute was awarded.
 Tues. Zoological Society, 3.—Scientific Business.
 Wed. Horticultural Society.—Garden Exhibition.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—"Fair play is a jewel," and a set from the most suspicious aspect which can be worn by critic. Once having protested against Donizetti, what were so easy as always to denounce him,—to reiterate complaints against his flimsiness, facility, &c., in reporting the success of his 'Don Pasquale'? But the justice of such a course is another matter. Taking a general view of the subject, it will be found, we suspect, that the nature of Italian opera is essentially ephemeral. How many, for instance, of Cimarosa's works are now to be heard? only 'Il Matrimonio' and (very rarely) 'Gli Orazi':—to these we may add the detached *scena*, 'Deh parlate.' How many of Paisiello's operas? not one. Even Rossini, the most brilliant and nervous of Italian geniuses, has retired in disgust, and some four or five of his dramas (his French opera foremost) may be all that in another twenty years will be left to remind a fickle public of him who was once such an idol, that standing beside the greatest commander in Europe, he felt himself the more popular of the two:—and said as much! Rossini's successor, however, will fare little better. Already but two of Bellini's operas are to be universally heard, 'I Puritani' having never pleased in Italy, and 'Il Pirata,' 'La Straniera,' and 'Gli Montecchi' being at best on the threshold of 'the tomb of the Capulets.' So that those who are reproaching Donizetti for fertility, inequality, and the lightness of his productions, would put their exceptions in a fairer form, were they to say 'He is Italian,' and to recollect that there is no building up a landmark which shall defy Time and Change, out of a handful of rose-twigs! It was our intention to have written a character of this prolific composer more at length, to have shown his merits as a nice and grammatical writer for the orchestra: and to have specified a melodic form or two, amounting to individuality, and originated by him. But the moment of laughter is the last for a steady adjustment of proportions and delineation of features; and we are still under the influence of *Don Pasquale*. Never was Lablache more whimsical than in this part—less refined per chance, than the real elderly gentleman of Ballinacrahy would have been, but more grotesque. Fancy him oppressed by the ambitions of dandyism, trying for a waist in a Melton coat which is apparently buttoned by some steam process, and achieving a wig, compared with which the hyacinthine juvenilities of—himself are but dower graces! Fancy him chuckling over the acquisition of a meek, humble, grateful partner, a very Agnes—who turns out, as might have been foreseen, a double-distilled Xantippe! The character is as old as the hills! but nothing is hackneyed past the power of our arch-actor to refresh, nor does an absurdity exist

to which he cannot give a probable humanity. We were to speak of the composition: it is his fault that we have digressed into considering the execution. Well, then, 'Don Pasquale' has, of its kind, some pretty music. The overture is foolishly slight: so is the *entrata* of *Norina* (Grisi), but there is a certain sparkle in the duett between her and Mario which closes the first act: and in the second a quartett which displays the favourite unisonal effect of modern composers, not ungracefully. The third act runs too much *à la Strauss*: no less than three movements being written in that dancing triple time, to which Donizetti has not power enough to give character. Compare, for instance, the *stretti* of the two duetts here, with Rossini's 'numero quindici,' and the winding-up of the concerted piece "Signor, una parola," in 'La Cenerentola.' Still the music is not devoid of animation: the *motivo* of Grisi's final rondo, too, is coquettish and elegant; while Mario's serenade behind the scenes we have already praised as a gem. On the whole, we are too glad of a revival of the merry days of *Opera Buffa* not heartily to welcome 'Don Pasquale.'

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The season was wound up with great spirit on Monday evening, by the appearance of M. Spohr as a conductor and performer. In the former capacity, he presided over his imaginative Symphony 'The Power of Sound,' and his Overture to 'Der Alchymist': he played, too, one of his Concertos for the violin: an *andante*, followed by a *polacca*, the last a graceful and characteristic movement, but like all its master's compositions, so richly instrumented, as to make a neat and delicate performance of the whole unusually difficult. It might be partly this, to be felt in the lumbering inexactness of the orchestra—which hampered the *solo* player, and gave him even at certain moments the appearance of nervousness; still, after all due allowance, we are compelled to admit, that our guest is but a mortal; subject to Time, who revenges himself for adding to the artist's experience, by impairing his mechanical powers. For purity of taste, and exquisite measurement of time, M. Spohr's performance is still admirable, and should be long remembered by our rising violinists, if such there be:—we regret that he has not led any of his chamber-music in public. As a conductor, his command of his forces remains without a drawback, as all felt who remembered former Philharmonic essays at the Symphony in question. He absolutely brought the players to a *pianissimo*, hitherto as fabulous a thing among them as the Unicorn: thus imparting to the first *allegro* an exquisite and fanciful delicacy, without which one half of its import is lost. In the second movement of three subjects—to wit, cradle song, dance, and serenade—the orchestra had been drilled into such a certainty, as to go through its complicated task steadily, but without stiffness, and the effect was found so charming as to win an *encore*. The martial scene, too, was magnificently played: the episodic portion of it with such a sensitive development of the composer's varieties of instrumentation, as in part (not wholly) to reconcile us to the excessive reiteration of one particular phrase. In short, the decided superiority of such a performance as Monday's should at once destroy the confidence of the Philharmonic band in its own unassisted powers, and stimulate our conductors to a strictness which many of them are too apt to regard as absurd. The singers were Miss Masson, Mr. Phillips, and Miss Birch: the last, we are sorry to say, reprehensible for the manner in which she screamed a *scena*, introduced by Rossini into the French edition of the 'Moss.' An extra Philharmonic Concert is announced for Monday next, at the instance of Her Majesty, who has commanded the performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony.

BENEFIT CONCERTS.—An interpreter, no matter how great his accomplishments, cannot take rank with those who create the Paganinis and Liszas, who enlarge by their intentions the stores of executive power. M. Charles Hallé, however, must be placed amongst the foremost of interpreters; as one of the soundest, most expressive and most agreeable pianoforte players (not *wonders*) that have, for many years, visited England. He commands every style of music, and gave us yesterday week Thalberg's *fantasia* on 'La Sonnambula' with a firmness and brilliancy, of which the composition is

hardly worthy. Beethoven's Kreutzer sonata, with the powerful aid of Signor Sivi, was rendered by him—by both—admirably. So often, of latter years, has this composition been heard, that nothing short of extreme finish will satisfy the public. Not a point was lost or exaggerated, not a passage *misread*: while the whole was performed with that admirable mixture of temperance and spirit which argues power of the highest order. Besides this, M. Hallé showed a like intimacy with peculiarities of a different kind, in Chopin's Scherzo in a minor; here he was fanciful, elegant, capricious, sentimental, without a trace of that sickliness to which the music would invite the half-cultivated. We hope to have frequent opportunities of profiting by M. Hallé's conscientious and various versions of the music of the great pianoforte composers. His concert was "starred" by M. Levasor, who drew tears of laughter from the audience as "Le Chanteur Choriste" and "Le Caisier."

The *matinée* of Charles Filtch, held on Tuesday, was satisfactory, and established the boy with the public as a player of rare promise. There is an elegance in his reading of music which is far beyond his years: as much steadiness, too, as can be required, even when the work in hand is a *toccata* by Mendelssohn, or a *fugue* by Sebastian Bach. His tone is very good, and his execution brilliant and correct. Of its kind, we have had no pleasure greater than hearing him in Chopin's music. This, by the way, is fast advancing in popularity in London; a thing to be thankful for by all who have been surfeited with the thunder of the pianoforte, and long for its delicacies. The vocal part of M. Filtch's concert was also noticeable. Three young ladies, and Mr. Giubilei, had been brought to Hanover Square to sing through the unsaleable music of a publisher's catalogue, and to show, by contrast, how ungracious are the compositions of "Young England." We pitied the audience, but were more sorry for the artists who had been induced to commit themselves to such folly.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences, June 19.—A communication was received from M. Ackermann on the means of killing whales. M. Ackermann suggests that there should be introduced into the harpoon, by means of a hollow tube, a quantity of hydrocyanic (prussic) acid, which, being set free by the blow of the harpoon, would flow into the wound. It appears that a trial of his plan has been made in the bay of Valparaiso. The whale did not, indeed, die immediately, as was expected, but lived an hour. From the first, however, it was so weakened by the action of the poison, that the pursuit was not attended with danger.—A letter was read from M. Margotson, recommending the use of alkaline sulphuret of potash boiled in water, as a means of preserving wood. This substance, says M. Margotson, will kill any animalcule already in the wood, or prevent their future presence.—Several papers connected with medicine were read, but they were of too technical a character to interest the general reader.

A new Anemometer.—A letter from Rochefort, in the *Débat*, says:—"We have lately had here a trial of a new instrument, intended to show the probable causes of the winds. It consists of a thin piece of wood three or four inches long, freely balanced, as the needle of a mariner's compass, on a steel pivot, by means of an agate, inserted in the wood. At one of the extremities, at about a third of the length, there is made a slit, in which are placed three or four magnets, about half an inch from each other. They are formed of bits of flattened watch-spring, from one to three inches in length. They are fixed perpendicularly to the horizon, and therefore free from all polarity. They all have their South-pole above the bit of wood, and their North-pole below it. These magnets act exactly as the directing finger of a weathercock, and show the direction of the wind. The instrument may furnish interesting instructions with respect to the connexion between magnetism and electricity, on the probability that the variations of the winds are due to electric currents. What renders it of great importance is the fact, that these indications take place a quarter of an hour, and sometimes even half an hour, before the changes

which occur in the winds, as those of the barometer do in the variations of the weather."

Lotteries.—[From the Dublin Papers.]—The Painting of 'The Dying Comrade,' by M. Angelo Hayes, Esq., S.A., Military Painter in Ordinary to the Lord Lieutenant, will, at the request of many of the artist's friends, be disposed of on the principle of Art-Unions, in fifty shares of two guineas each: the drawing of the prize to take place on the — at the Royal Irish Institution. Tickets to be had, &c.

The Manifold Letter Writer of Messrs. Hyde & Co., which has been forwarded to us for notice, appears to answer well the purpose for which it is intended, is simple and convenient, and moderate in price.

Cambridge, 1843.

The Coinage.—Two able letters lately appeared in your valuable journal on the interesting subject of the proposed change in the coinage. Both writers approve of the plan suggested by the Commissioners; but although that plan has, in some respects, much to recommend it, this seems more than outweighed by certain heavy disadvantages. One objection is the number of denominations proposed in the new system, four, which is as many as exists at present. Now, it is plain that two denominations to reckon by would be far better. The Commissioners themselves seem aware of this, from their suggestion that calculations would, on the new plan, be probably made in pounds and cents. Now this supposes that all sums under 24d. may be neglected, which can scarcely be allowed. This cent, = 24d., appears, indeed, to be the weak part of the system, for such a denomination would be of little use, either in keeping accounts or common buying and selling. It is too large. The agreement of most nations who have much trade proves this fact. The French sou, the American and Dutch cent, the Russian kopek, point out that the right magnitude, for real use, of the inferior denomination. The English penny is the extreme limit of greatness for the purpose, and indeed this does not suffice without the halfpenny. There was a scheme proposed in the *Times* newspaper some time ago, which is free from these objections. It approximates to the other decimal systems now existing in America and Holland, and was this: that there should be only two denominations of money, crowns and pence. The crown might be expressed as multiples, or submultiples of these. Thus, the half-sovereign would be a two crown-piece, the sovereign a four crown-piece. The cent, = $\frac{1}{100}$ crown, would = $\frac{1}{2}$ halfpenny of our present money. Between the crown and cent any coins might be inserted which might be convenient. Probably a 10 cent piece, 6d., 2s., 1s., 50c., 2s. 6d., would be best. For the use of the poorer classes a half-cent, = $\frac{1}{2}$ farthing, might be made, and a quarter-cent if desirable. The names of all coins would be stamped on them. Does not this system appear, on the whole, more convenient, both for computation and actual use, consisting as it does of only two denominations of money, such that all sums, either large or small, may be reckoned by them? As regards the difficulty of changing from the present system, it is clearly more practicable to express small sums in terms of $\frac{1}{2}$ halfpenny-pieces than $\frac{1}{2}$ penny-pieces. It must be admitted, that to take the crown instead of the pound for the superior denomination, involves a difficulty, from which the plan of the Commissioners is free, but which is not very formidable. Moreover, the fact that the 2 crown, 4 crown, 10 cent, 20 cent, 50 cent, pieces, are only old coins with new names, would facilitate the change for common purposes. So that setting the convenience of the easier conversion of small sums into this scale against the turning pounds into crowns, the alteration would be scarcely more troublesome on this scheme than that of the Commissioners. At any rate, the thing sought is the permanent good of adopting the most convenient system, even if attended by some additional temporary trouble while the change is in progress. I remain, &c. G.

Isthmus of Panama.—In the French Chamber of Deputies, a short time since, M. Guizot, in answer to some observations throwing doubts upon the practicability of the proposed works for piercing the Isthmus of Panama, read the following letter from the Baron de Humboldt to one of the heads of the parties interested in the proposed operation:—"I learn, with regret, that you are not further advanced in your important enterprise than you were when I had the pleasure of seeing you in Paris. For the last twenty-five years, the project of a communication between the two seas, either by the Isthmus of Panama, by Lake Nicaragua, or by the Isthmus of Capica, has been proposed, and topographically debated; and yet no beginning has been made. I should have thought that the British Embassy would have found a means of inspiring confidence in the proposal to send a scientific man (an engineer) for the purpose of examining the valley which separates the two seas, through which the canal might be dug to the western side of the Port of Chagres. Be assured that those persons who use the authority of my name in support of the opinion that the two seas have different levels, do so only to excuse themselves from engaging in the enterprise." The Minister also read an extract from a document addressed to the Academy of Sciences, by M. Warden, a distinguished American citizen, long consul for that country in Paris:—"The cutting necessary to unite the two seas, by means of the three rivers, Vinto-Tinto, Bernar-

dino, and Farren, is but twelve and a half miles in length. The fall will be regulated by four double locks of 45 metres long. The canal will be altogether 49 miles in extent, 43 metres 50 centimetres wide at the surface, 17 metres 50 centimetres at the bottom, and having a depth of 6 metres 50 centimetres. It will be navigable for vessels of from 1,000 to 1,400 tons burthen. The rivers, in those portions of them where they have from 24 to 44 metres of water, will serve for the canal, by deepening to 64 metres; and the water will be maintained at that height by two guard-locks. All the materials necessary for the construction of the canal are found on the soil which it has to traverse; and the total cost has been estimated at 2,778,615 dollars, including the price of four steamboats, and two iron bridges, 46 metres long, and opening for the passage of ships."

The Temple Organ.—About the end of the reign of Charles II. the Societies determined on the erection of an organ; the two great builders of that time were Schmidt, or Father Smith (for—the correct appellation being too hard, we presume, for English ears—so he was called), and Harris. Of course they were rivals; and as each desired to have confided to him the erection of an organ which was to be supreme in its excellence, and as each was supported by numerous patrons and partisans, the Benchers were somewhat puzzled how to decide. Their solution of the problem was worthy of the acknowledged acumen of the profession. They proposed to the candidates that each should erect an organ in the church, and that they would then keep the best. The proposal was accepted, and in nine months two organs appeared in the Temple. Did any of our readers ever witness the *début* of two rival prima donnas at an opera—the crowded tiers upon tiers of faces, the eager anticipation, the excitement, the applause replying to applause? Some such scene, modified only by the peculiarity of the place, appears to have attended the *début* of the two organs. First, Blow and Purcell performed on appointed days on Father Smith's great work. The getting such coadjutors must have rather startled Harris; but there was still Mons. Lully, and he did full justice to his organ. Which was best? The Smithians unanimously agreed Smith's; the opposite party remained in opposition, and equally single-minded. Month after month the competition continued, for the space of a year, when Harris challenged Smith to make certain new reed stops within a fixed period, and then renew the trial. This was done, and to the delight of everybody. But a choice was more difficult than ever. Each was evidently the best organ in the world except the other. The matter began to grow serious. Violence and bad feeling broke out, and the consequences to the candidates became in many ways so injurious, that they are said to have been "just not ruined." Lord Chief Justice Jefferies was at last empowered to decide, and we have now before us the organ he favoured—Smith's!—*Knight's London.*

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